

Sports Illustrated



NOVEMBER 8, 1971

65 CENTS

COLTS IN A FIGHT

BALTIMORE RUSHER NORM BULAICH

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Products
Division **3M**
COMPANY

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PHOTOGRAPH BY A. H. HARRISON FOR 3M COMPANY

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Polaroid's 450



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Next week

HOW THE WEST WAS LOST sums up the sort of football season the Pacific Eight is having, an unhappy blend of suspensions, probation and defeats. Ron Famine reports.

A STICK FIGHT left Bruin defenseman Ted Green with his skull fractured and his left side paralyzed. Terrible Teddy describes that bitter night—and his agonizing comeback.

THE STAGE IS SET for Japan's 1972 Winter Games. William Johnson previews the Sapporo Olympic scene as he wanders through the land of soy sauce and Coca-Cola signs.

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WHAT CAN YOU DO TODAY ABOUT YOUR FAMILY'S MONEY SECURITY?

Even though today's economy is taking more twists than an obstacle course, there is a way you can help make sure you end up a winner.

Today's economy has puzzled even the experts. The cost of living has soared to an all-time high, and could still go even higher. Unemployment is up in some areas, and many men in what yesterday were considered secure jobs have now begun to worry about their future. Yet incomes are up, and many parts of the economy have never been stronger, with the promise of even better things to come.

These facts have put millions of American families in a difficult financial spot. With the cost of living so high, it has become harder to save money for their financial security, as well as for such long-range goals as a better home, a college education for their children, a boat or a deluxe vacation, perhaps even a business of their own.

To compound the problem, very few families have enough money already set aside to last more than one or two years at the most when something happens to the "breadwinner." Fifty years ago, this would have meant total financial disaster. Today, fortunately, Social Security benefits pick up some of the slack. But it's seldom enough, as anyone—young or old—trying to get by on Social Security alone will sadly tell you.

In the past, many folks have tried to do something about this very real money threat through savings accounts and investments, such as the stock market. But none of these can really solve the problem or stop the worry. It's hard, for example, to keep putting enough money into a savings account and then resist the constant temptation to take money out for some current need. And what happens to the savings account if, suddenly, there's just no income available.

Investments, too, are filled with uncertainty—no one can ever guarantee the average investor that he will reach his money goals and achieve the security

he's after. In just the past few years, countless people suffered stock market losses they just couldn't afford!

But fortunately, there is a sensible, low cost solution to this problem. Now you can guarantee yourself the extra cash dollars you want for the future—either in the form of a big check that you can spend as you see fit, or steady monthly checks that come to you for as long as you wish. This added cash can let you and your family enjoy real worry-free security and pleasure, regardless of an uncertain future.

With today's living costs, 9 out of 10 Americans do not have enough money available to their families if something happens to them, and 98 out of 100 do not have enough cash to really enjoy life the way they'd like after they stop working.

But now you can do something about it, thanks to this low cost plan that helps take the worry out of life by guaranteeing you the amount of cash you want at the very time it's needed most, no matter what.

This low cost plan is guaranteed by Bankers Life & Casualty Co. of Chicago whose famous White Cross plan policies now protect over 6,000,000 Americans coast to coast.

The story of the remarkable life plan that lets you add new security and peace of mind despite the uncertainties of tomorrow is in *The Money Book*, an interesting and informative booklet offer free by Bankers.

***For your Free Money Book, fill out and mail the postage-free card next to this page. There's no cost or obligation for this service.



Life's more fun when you know you're protected against future money worries.



Du Pont chalks up another victory for peace and quiet.

Time was when replacing old gas lines meant digging block-long trenches.

Detour signs. Clanking power shovels. Mountains of earth and torn-up pavement.

But now gas companies don't always have to dig block-long trenches.

Just small holes, like the ones planned above. One at each house, plus a slightly larger one at each end of the block.

Because now they can push a remarkable new kind of pipe right

through the old pipe. So the old pipe won't have to be dug up at all.

The pipe that makes this all possible is made by Du Pont. It's a flexible polyethylene pipe called Aldyl "A". Aldyl "A" pipe is part of a whole system. A system now being used — enthusiastically — by gas companies.

This Du Pont system is causing a revolution in gas distribution.

As any city that has Aldyl "A" will tell you, it's a remarkably quiet revolution.

America's cities have plenty of problems. And Du Pont is coming up

with quite a few solutions for them.

Cities that are short of water have found inflatable dams of nylon and neoprene (both Du Pont inventions) to be a practical, inexpensive way of holding on to millions of precious gallons.

And non-flammable wiring insulated with Du Pont "Teflon" will soon make subways safer to ride.

There's a world of things we're doing something about.



BOOKTALK

A master mariner writes grippingly of the seagoing war with Cape Horn

Cape Horn on the southern tip of the American continent is one of the world's more formidable obstacles to navigation. From the time of Magellan until the Panama Canal opened—that is, throughout the age of sail—there was no choice but to deal with the Horn and its tempests. Steam, the canal and radio navigation have changed the challenge, and today the sight of a sail in these latitudes is rare, giving evidence of adventurousness or sport rather than mercantile need.

In his book *The War with Cape Horn* (Scrivener's, \$10), Alan Villiers has written compellingly of the last era when sailing men dealt with the Cape regularly. The strength of the book is that it faithfully recreates the atmosphere on board the square-riggers at the start of this century. With a few words Villiers brings the scenes alive: a ship's master employing all his skills to save his vessel from disaster in hurricane conditions; the wretched apprentices serving under a bad master, frozen, wet through, the water swirling into their forecaste; a deckhouse cracked open. Villiers knows the subject well. As a boy he served on sailing ships plying the notorious Tasman Sea between Australia and New Zealand, and eventually became master of his own ship, the *Joseph Conrad*, which in 1935 was the last full-rigged craft to round the Horn.

The year 1905 was the bottom of a bad weather cycle in the vicinity of Cape Horn. Those of us who have made the passage in a yacht recently are fortunate that the past few seasons have been mild ones. But even these can be a fright. My own solo experience in *Gipsy Moth* in these latitudes during the early months of 1967 was sufficiently unnerving. The barometer had been dropping for 40 hours and it was raining steadily. The sun showed through the heavy clouds long enough to get a sextant sight to verify my position, for which I was grateful. I had just finished plotting the result, and had decided on my best heading, when the wind backed in a few seconds from northwest to south. In a matter of minutes a force 9 gale was blowing and it got so dark that I did not bother keeping a watch. I set the off-course alarm and turned in. I lay there in the dark with the boat rushing into the black night. The next morning the Horn appeared suddenly—less than 10 miles away. By noon I had putted it, safe and insured.

The era of which Villiers writes was a busy one in this corner of the globe. In 1905 about 400 square-rigged ships made the passage around the tip of South America. No fewer than 50 of them sank. I think

that the biggest cause was bad navigation. Take the *Bulwark* *Bluff*. The master did not know she was near shore until the overhanging cliffs of Staten Island (not the one in New York Harbor) began knocking her topgallant masts down, killing half the crew in a tangle of broken lumber and torn canvas. The master at the inquiry said he had not been able to get a navigational sight for 12 days while beating to pass the Horn, yet Captain James Learmont, one of the finest masters in sail, was making passage of the Horn at the same time, and he had obtained good star fixes.

Yet even Captain Learmont had his problems in these waters. His ship, the *Berguine*, was bound out of Newcastle, New South Wales toward Valparaiso with a cargo of coal. He was worried about the way the coal had been trimmed; he had been curiously snubbed by the boss trimmer. "You do your job and we'll do ours," he was told.

The *Berguine* had scarcely got into the Tasman Sea when she was knocked down onto her beam ends, probably in one of the fierce southerly busters for which the Tasman is notorious. The coal shifted and the *Berguine* could not get up. Half the main hatch had gone under and the sea had burst in. The ship was making water. Captain Learmont saved his ship, but he was understandably critical of dockside expertise ever afterward.

The Germans were the best sailors of the period: they seldom lost a man or a ship. They treated their crews better than others did, which is to say they treated them like human beings. One German ship that nearly fell victim to the Horn, however, was the *Saxonia*. Her captain had tried to get by with only one dependable clock (he should have had at least three) and when he began to question its accuracy he was, literally, lost. And so, for 99 days and 500 unnecessary miles the *Saxonia* battled storms south of the Horn, fearful that if she turned north prematurely she would come on the rocks.

Not all ship losses were due to poor navigation or bad seamanship. Captain Thomas England Parker lost his vessel, the *Elfenbein*, off Cape Horn in 1885 in a gale. All hands except himself perished. A heavy swell had rolled in from the west, where there is a 6,500-mile clear fetch. The *Elfenbein*, sitting on the water with all sail set but no wind in them, keeled right over. Before she recovered, another swell from the south tipped her downward at right angles, putting her masts under. She stayed that way, and some days later—no one knew how many—Captain Parker was found sitting alone on the upturned keel.

This is a worthy book, filled with exciting, gripping sea tales. Any yachtsman reading it under the smiling sun over a peaceful sea will be justly reminded of the majestic and irresistible power of the ocean.

—SIR FRANCIS CHICHESTER

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A black and white photograph of a man with dark hair, wearing a light-colored jacket, sitting on a grassy hillside. He is looking off to the side and holding a cigarette in his hand. In the background, a motorcycle is parked on a path that leads into a valley. The hills are rolling and covered in vegetation.

Get away from the crowd.
Get the flavor you want in
Old Gold Filters.



101 mg. "tar," 1.12 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71.

© 1972 Lorillard

TV TALK

ABC's marriage to the NCAA is showing strong symptoms of the seven-year itch

When Roone Arledge of ABC Sports sits down with the television brains of the NCAA in Kansas City shortly, confronting them will be the sort of scenario favored by *As The World Turns* or *Dear Abby*. The one that asks the question, can this marriage be saved?

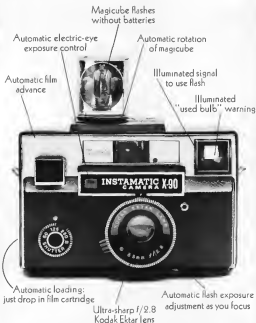
The marriage in doubt is the six-year-old liaison between ABC and the NCAA for the rights to carry college football on television. The current two-year contract expires at the end of this season, and both sides want very much to come in out of the cold. Arledge most of all.

He enters the talks gingerly, shall we say? College football telecasts cost the network \$12 million this season, and they have been a distinct loss leader. Several unpaid minutes of commercial time will probably have to be discounted for less than the \$52,000 rate-card price, which—added to a \$4.5 million loss in 1970—makes the prospect for renewal on the same terms practically nil. Strengthening Arledge's bargaining hand is the fact that ABC's Monday night pro football has been such a smash. In other words, is this marriage worth saving?

The NCAA seems ready to sweeten the package, which is now so encumbered with self-protective clauses that nobody is happy with it. For a while the NCAA was even considering another postseason game—call it the Poll Bowl—which would have matched up two top-rated (and available) teams on the second Saturday of December on national television. But the college football "bowl lobby," made up of bowl committees and conferences, raised such vocal Cain at this prospect that the NCAA Council last week killed the plan, at least for this negotiation. The NCAA has in mind some other bargaining points, including an additional Saturday game and a handful of holiday specials. These would include national games on Labor Day, Veterans Day and a second regional Thanksgiving Day game. These dates would not count against a school's quota of no more than three TV appearances in any two-year period. Equally important, the NCAA would permit ABC to select the last nine dates only 12 days ahead of kickoff, instead of the present 30 months.

One NCAA spokesman feels confident that the colleges will get \$13 million—if not from ABC, then from one of the other networks. The colleges feel their package has several advantages over the NFL contract. For one thing, they say, the NCAA contest is the only game in town on Saturdays, while the pros divide their Sunday audiences three or four ways. Their argument would ring truer if ABC were unable to cite those discounted ad spots.

—JACK CRAIG



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No-fault auto insurance. are for it, shouldn't

Some people say no-fault is the answer to all the auto insurance problems. Everything from the high costs to the length of time it can take to collect a claim.

Some people say no-fault is the answer to nothing. Several states already have it.

Several more are considering making it law.

We happen to think that, while no-fault is a good place to begin, there are a great many more things that should be done.

However, knowing what you think of insurance companies—and knowing that some of you may find it a bit hard to believe that any insurance company could be for anything that could lower rates and make claims easier to collect—we'd like to do something better than give you our opinion.

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Call collect from Connecticut **277-6565**.

Or you can write, if you prefer, to The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Connecticut 06115.



THE TRAVELERS

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

ANOTHER PROBLEM FOR PETE

Seven Baltimore merchants whose stores are only half a mile from Memorial Stadium have gone to court in an attempt to stop the Colts from playing the Miami Dolphins there on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 11. Originally, the Colts were scheduled to play the Dolphins in the Orange Bowl that day, but someone belatedly found out that the Dec. 11 date belonged to Florida A&M for its annual Orange Blossom Classic. For Pete Rozelle, the solution is simple. The Colts and Dolphins switch home-and-home dates, with the Colts going to Miami on Nov. 21 and the Dolphins to Baltimore on Dec. 11. But a Saturday afternoon game two weeks before Christmas would create parking and traffic tangles, the merchants say, that would cause them "irreparable loss of sales, income and customers" during the peak of the holiday shopping season. Simple again. Just switch the game from Saturday to Sunday, right? But the Saturday afternoon date is to accommodate NBC, which televises pro football on Saturday afternoons in December after the college season ends. Thus a direct economic confrontation: NBC needs the game and the merchants need their Christmas sales. Interesting case. Stay tuned.

STORM KING (CONT.)

The eight-year-old fight between conservationists and Consolidated Edison, the New York power company, a landmark struggle for ecologists, seemed to come to an end last week when a U.S. Court of Appeals upheld by a 2-1 vote Con Ed's right to build a power plant on the Hudson River at Storm King Mountain. But groups opposing the plant insist that the legal battle will continue—by carrying the suit to the Supreme Court, or by challenging the validity of a "water quality certificate" issued by New York State, or by asking the courts to reexamine, among other points, the fish-mortality study offered in evidence by Con Edison.

Con Edison held that the fish study clearly demonstrated that ecological damage from the power-plant operation would be minimal, but Dominick Pirone, a biologist representing the Hudson River Fishermen's Association, argues that the study was misleading. "The mathematical equation used to project the probable mortality of young fish, particularly striped bass," says Pirone, "considered the Hudson as a river that flows only downstream. But the Hudson is to a great extent a tidal estuary, and the ebb and flow of the tides have a significant influence on fish life. Instead of a 3 1/4% to 4% mortality, as Con Ed claims, the correct figure is 35% to 50%, which would be an ecological disaster. We want the court to be aware of that discrepancy."

CANDOR

LSU has a promising freshman defensive end named Donald Freeman, who is distinctive among LSU football players because he is both black and a "walk-on." That is, he showed up for football practice on his own, asked if he could try out and made the freshman team. LSU has two other black freshmen football players, but both are on scholarship.

Coach Charlie McClendon, curious as to why he lucked into such a fine prospect, asked the 6' 1", 205-pound Freeman how come he had not gone to Grambling, perennial football power among predominantly black colleges and the place where an unheralded black high school player from Baton Rouge would be more likely to land.

"Coach," said Freeman, "I couldn't make it at Grambling. You have to weigh 250 to play defensive end for them."

AYUH

An item here a few weeks back about the synergistic relationship of sea gulls and garbage prompted a resident of the state of Maine to tell us about a local real-estate dealer. He was showing a piece of property to some summer people (who

are always gulls in Down East stories) when they noticed a flock of the large sea birds circling an area just over the hill from the land they were looking at. "Isn't that pretty," they remarked as they watched the graceful, soaring flight of the gulls. "Ayuh," replied the real-estate man, "that's our bird sanctuary." Which is how the summer people ended up owners of a lovely piece of land just a wing flap from the town dump.

CAPITOL PUNISHMENT

Politicians are always making cutesy bets on things like the World Series and big intersectional football games. You know the routine. Governor A bets Governor B a crate of the Rutabaga State's prime agricultural crop, and Governor B covers the bet with an armful of his state's famous liverwurst. It's always good for a paragraph in the home-town papers.

This fall the Senators from Maryland (Baltimore Orioles) and Pennsylvania (Pittsburgh Pirates) struggled onto the publicity stage before the World Series. They skipped the standard commodity bet—a carload of coal against a barrel of



soft-shelled crabs?—and instead agreed that the losers would treat the winners to an elephant ride past the Capitol building in Washington. It was a confusing bet, since normally you would think the losers would be the ones who had to get up on the elephant, but politicians think differently from most people.

Unhappily, the bet has not yet been paid, because the Senators are having a terrible time finding an elephant. They thought they would just pop down to

continued

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"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

the local zoo and borrow one, but apparently zoo elephants won't do. Like horses, the big animals have to be trained to carry people. Then an attempt was made to rent a proper elephant from Polack Brothers Circus, which was playing in nearby Richmond. Fine, the circus said: it would rent three for \$500. "That was too much," a senatorial aide said, "and they wouldn't rent just one. I guess they didn't want to break up a set." Now all concerned are waiting for Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey to reach the area. The Ringlings will come through, they say. An elephant will be supplied, the bet will be paid and the country can go back to worrying about foreign aid and Howard Cosell.

THE SILVER CRASHER

On the well-established note that it is never too early to start Christmas shopping, we now offer this little dandy from the Neiman-Marcus catalog: a \$750 ski pass. Not just an ordinary pass, since the Dallas store always does it up big. This number (only 100 will be sold) comes in silver, has a handsome Italian-leather case, and is worn around the neck on a leather thong. It provides for unlimited 1971-72 season skiing throughout the Rockies—in Aspen, Breckenridge, Jackson Hole, Park City, Steamboat, Sun Valley, Taos, Vail and Winter Park. At some of the resorts, the store promises, the pass also will get you to the front of the lift line.

It's that last part that really hurts. Merry Christmas and all that, Neiman-Marcus, but kindly wait in the lift line like everybody else.

NEW INDOOR SPORT

Psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists and the like have been having an orgy with sport lately. Not participating in sport, although lots of them do, but analyzing and dissecting it down to the last latent urge. For example, next month a Conference on Sport and Social Deviancy will be held at the State University College at Brockport, N.Y. The three-day meeting will start off Thursday with "Cheating in Sport," featuring separate papers on "Cheating in Card Games," "Bowling Hustlers" and "Poolroom Hustlers." That evening the group will hear about "Violence Among Professional Hockey Players." The Friday sessions will touch on things like "The Background of the Nazi Olym-

continued

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SCORECARD continued

pics." "The Athlete as a Deviant Subculture" and "Leftist Attitudes Toward Sports." The windup on Saturday will deal with "Social and Psychological Problems Associated with Extreme Competition for Children." Plenty of fun and games there.

Not long ago Dr. Wesley Hall, the new president of the American Medical Association, was quoted as saying that "all professional athletes are psychopaths." Dr. Hall may well have tossed out the line as a jovial aside, but the publicity the remark received annoyed Dr. Charles Carluccio, a New Jersey psychiatrist. "A psychopath is antisocial," replied Dr. Carluccio, "and unable to withstand frustrations. He acts impulsively for his own immediate needs. Nobody could be these things and participate successfully in professional athletics. There may be a few disturbed persons in pro sport but to label all athletes psychopaths is as bad as saying every boy with long hair is a drug addict."

Finally, Dr. William Garland Tompkins of Washington got into the act with "American men need television football. It gives them a chance to let out their feelings." He blames our technological world—although he approves of instant replay—for the relatively few emotional outlets left for the American male. He thinks wives and husbands should watch football together, warning that if they cannot agree on that, then abrasive attitudes may arise "that have been kept in about other irritating situations."

The implication is clear. If man cannot let off steam watching football, he is apt to run amok. Maybe so, but long observation of man *on* football on TV leads to the conclusion that he may just possibly enjoy seeing a game of strength and skill. Also, he may have a bet down.

RADICAL DEPARTURE

Rick Reichardt, the Chicago White Sox outfielder, wants baseball to get rid of its traditional knickers-style uniform and replace it with a new type. "Johnny Sain and I were talking one day, and he suggested a kind of jump suit," explains Reichardt, "with the stirrup socks attached directly to the bottom of the pants legs, like women's stretch slacks. The point is, the key to a player's longevity in the game is his legs." In the traditional uniform, the top of the stockings and the bottom of the pants all come together at one point, at the calf, and the stock-

ings are sometimes held up by elastic that acts as a kind of a tourniquet. "That can cause anoxia [lack of oxygen] in the lower leg, and that, in turn, can lead to muscle injury, especially if the player has heavy legs. Would you like to go around with a tourniquet on your leg for eight hours a day, eight months a year, like ballplayers do?"

Reichardt concedes that his theories have not been proved medically, but he says his father, a Wisconsin physician, has heard his ideas and agrees with them. Now all he has to do is convince baseball people.

He admits it won't be easy. "Even if you've got the bait," he says, "you still have to make the fish open his mouth."

GLANDROUS MARS

The troubles in Northern Ireland have caused a 50% decrease in crowds at soccer games, and once-prosperous professional teams are in grave financial difficulty. The only people who appear to have benefited from the strife are European sponsors of games with visiting teams from Northern Ireland. Stadiums are filled with curiosity-seekers who want to see the embattled Ulstermen. Eintracht of West Germany even went so far as to bill its game with Glenrath as being against "Belfast." An Irish official explained: "They felt people didn't know of Glenrath. But Belfast, yes. That's a city virtually at war."

THEY SAID IT

- Joe Mullaney, coach of the ABA's Kentucky Colonels, on his former team, the Los Angeles Lakers: "There was a tendency on the part of management to overrate the team. In their prime, Wilt Chamberlain, Elgin Baylor and Jerry West would have wiped out anybody, but they're not in their prime anymore."
- Jim Dooley, Chicago Bears coach, on moving into the bachelor apartment of Quarterback Bobby Douglass to "live, eat and think football" for a few days: "He's got a fine pad, but I had that Odd Couple feeling. It's been 20 years since I've folded my own blankets."
- Billy Cunningham, Philadelphia 76ers All-Star forward, explaining why he chose pro basketball over pro football: "I was thinking about Frank Gifford. I remember what happened when he was hit by Chuck Bednarik. That stood out in my mind. I'd have been cut in half by some guy. I'd be 3' 3" now." **END**

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THEY HAD BETTER BE SUPER

It was a down-and-up week for the Baltimore Colts, who last January won the not-so-Super Bowl and have every expectation of repeating next January. Monday night, in the Cosell Bowl, they lost to the Minnesota Vikings 10-3 when, with 0:42 remaining, Johnny Unitas' fourth-down pass, which could have tied the score, grazed the goalpost crossbar and fell incomplete. Six days later the Colts walloped the Pittsburgh Steelers 34-21, but since the Miami Dolphins, their archrivals in the AFC East, beat the Los Angeles Rams, Baltimore remains in second place in the division, half a game back, setting up a home-and-home, boy-oh-boy series with Miami later in the season.

If the Colts are to beat the Dolphins they will need good games from Norm Bulaich (see cover), the second-year running back out of TCU. Before Sunday Bulaich (it rhymes with goulash) was the NFL's leading rusher with 503 yards in 77 carries and he scored the Colts' first touchdown against the Steelers. But on a slippery field and against a defense that was keying on him he ran for only six yards in nine attempts before being sidelined with a minor injury.

As it turned out, this was one game the Colts didn't need Big Boo. The Steelers concentrated on shutting off Baltimore's heralded running attack, so Earl Morrall proceeded to pass them dizzy.

"We took what they gave us," said Morrall, who had his best day of the season, completing 11 of 19 passes for 286 yards and three touchdowns. "They overplayed the run a little and it gave us the bomb."

Indeed, the Pittsburgh linebackers stayed so close to the line they were of little help against the pass. When Morrall called plays that isolated his wide

What you see is what you get but, as the Colts showed, what you give them is what they take. And what they want is another Super Bowl **by TEX MAULE**

receiver on a cornerback, he threw for huge gains. Three of the biggest went to Willie Richardson and of 60 yards to Ray Perkins.

And the Colt defense was, as usual, superb, holding Pittsburgh to 26 yards rushing. Again the Steelers paid too much attention to one man—Bubba Smith—and as a result Billy Newsome, an end and tackle from Grambling, gave Terry Bradshaw a very bad time.

"My legs hurt all over," Bubba said after the game. "I kept getting it from the tight end and the tackle, but I don't mind about that. If they give me that much attention, we got other people going to get in on them."

Bulaich reinforced his left foot in the second quarter after a punt and a clipping penalty put the Colts on their own 11. "I was running a draw," he said. "They were looking for the draw all afternoon and I was trying to 'look' the linebacker off by looking out to the side. When I glanced back to take the hand-off, Mean Joe Greene and the ball got to me at the same time."

The ensuing fumble set up the first Steeler touchdown, but by then the Colts had established their superiority. Morrall's deep passes were stinging the Steeler defense and the only question remaining was how big the score would be.

"This was a good one," Bill Curry, the Colts' classy center, said afterward. "We proved to ourselves we can do it

running or passing. We'll put it all together one day, and that's it."

When they do, Big Boo will be a major contributor. Bulaich is an extraordinarily engaging youngster, with a smile that reveals a gap between his front teeth. He never expected to be a first draft pick, since he spent half his career at TCU sitting on the bench with a variety of injuries, principally muscle pulls.

"It was a great honor," he said, sitting now in the Colts' dressing room a couple of days before the Pittsburgh game. "I didn't know anybody up here had ever heard of me."

When he learned he had been picked by the Colts, he sat down and wrote a letter to Unitas, beginning "Dear Mr. Unitas. . . ." He said how happy he was to have been drafted by Baltimore and how much he wanted to do well and what an honor it would be to play with a man like Unitas.

Johnny U's reply was brief and to the point. "Run and block," he wrote Bulaich, and Boo has taken that to heart ever since. For a while, in his rookie season, he had the same miseries he had at TCU, what with a bruised knee, but he still led the Colts in rushing.

In 1970, when he first arrived at pre-season camp, the veterans made him welcome, but not without a lot of hazing. "I came up here with cuffs on my pants and button-down collars and the guys got on me a little about that," Bulaich admitted. "Tom Matte said, 'We got to get this guy some new threads,' and I bought a new set of clothes, but I still have the button-down collars and the cuff pants in my closet. When I go to

Footnote

Norm Bulaich goes over the top from the one-yard line for Baltimore's first touchdown.



Fort Worth after the season, I get them out and wear them."

The two Colt trainers, Ed Block and Otho Davis, gave him a series of stretching exercises and had him swim to loosen his knotted leg muscles. Block, who has been tending Baltimore football players for years, is well equipped to handle muscle problems. From 1955 to 1965 he was a part-time physical therapist at Baltimore's Kernan Hospital for Crippled Children, which at the time specialized in polio cases.

"We gave Bulaich the exercises, and I worked with him on manual muscle resistance," Block says. "His problem was in the back of his thigh. Two of the big interior muscles were tight and short and they had to be stretched and relaxed. I use manual resistance in these exercises because the machines some trainers use don't have the sense and feel your hands do. When you have the player working his muscles against the resistance of your hands, you can sense when the muscle is too tired, when it is time to stop. I worked with Boo a long time—45 minutes a day, twice a day—and it was monotonous and

boring for him, but he stuck with it."

Besides the manual muscle resistance regime with Block, Bulaich did an exercise he still performs. When he joined the Colts, he could not come within a foot of touching the floor with his fingertips while keeping his knees straight. "Now I can put my palms flat on the floor," he said. "Every day I still do the same exercise that loosened my hamstrings. What you do is squat on the floor, kind of like a catcher but with your feet flat, then put your hands flat on the floor and try to stand without moving your hands. It's a great stretching exercise. Try it sometime."

When Bulaich reported to camp this season, his hamstring problems were over, he was much quicker than he had been in college and he ran with just as much speed (he had a legendary 9.6 100 to his credit at TCU). No one kidded him about his clothes anymore and he played so well in scrimmages that the defensive players occasionally broke out in admiring cries of "Boo, Boo, Boo" after he had made a spectacular move.

Bulaich has exceptional balance and the ability to pick a hole very quickly and slide to the openings without sacrificing momentum. "He's sudden," one assistant coach said. "That says it all. Sudden. He's there when the hole opens and gone when it closes."

"The big difference I found in pro ball was that you don't have as much time to make up your mind," Bulaich said. "Against a college team you may run into one or two big fast linemen in a game, but no more. Here everyone is big and fast, so when I see a crack, I have to go right now. If I wait, the crack closes and someone dumps me."

Bill Curry explained what a big, quick, fast back like Bulaich can mean. "With power backs who don't have speed, you have to hold a block on the middle linebacker a lot longer," he said. "Now if I get a piece of him, Boo is gone before he can react. I don't have to bury the middle linebacker all the time. If I can get a stalemate with him, Boo is going to make big yards."

A thoughtful man, Curry disagrees completely with ex-players like Dave Meggry and Chip Oliver, who have published books decrying football for its dehumanizing aspect. "I respect their opinions," he said, "but they are generalizing from personal experience, and my personal experience is completely dif-

ferent. We have a closeness and warmth on this team that I don't think you find very often anywhere. Just to give you an example, look at Tom Matte."

He pointed across the dressing room, where Matte was laughing at something another player had said.

"Tom is a great football player," Curry went on. "Maybe a lot of people don't realize how great, but the players on this club do. He's done so many good things. And he could be upset and sulky because a kid like Bulaich came along and started getting a lot of ink. Instead, Tom is blocking better now than he ever has."

Bulaich and Matte have impressive backing from two rookies—Don McCauley, a No. 1 draft pick from North Carolina, and Don Nottingham, a No. 17 pick from Kent State. Both had averaged 4.7 yards per carry going into the Pittsburgh game.

Nottingham, who is known as the Human Bowling Ball, is 5' 9½" and weighs 210 pounds. His neck bulges beyond his ears and he has a surprisingly high, squeaky voice. "If you were a bass," Don Klosterman, the Colts' general manager, once told him, "you would weigh 240 pounds."

Nottingham is a formidable runner, since it is very difficult for the giant defensive linemen in pro football to find him and equally difficult for them to get a good grasp on him when they do. He also has tremendous leg drive and an enthusiasm that is reflected in the way he churns for extra yardage. After he was given the game ball for his exploits in Baltimore's 23-3 win over New England, Nottingham was unwilling to let anyone else hold it. "This thing is a piece of gold to me," he said.

Most running backs consider blocking the price they must pay for the opportunity to carry the ball, but Nottingham is atypical. "Sometimes, when I'm not running good and having trouble finding the hole and staying on my feet, I'd rather block," he said. "I guess I've got an unfair advantage as a blocker, because I come in so low the defensive players can't hand-fight me."

Ray May, one of the Baltimore linebackers, found out how tough a blocker Nottingham is in training camp. Nottingham came out leading a sweep and May bent down to feed off his block only to catch Nottingham's helmet on his shoulder. The impact was hard

Quarterback Morrall has himself a real ball.



enough to stretch some ligaments in May's shoulder.

"Man, I got down as low as I could get and it wasn't low enough," May said, shaking his head. "And when he hits you, he really pops. After he hit me, when I was lying there, I thought, 'If this man don't make the team, no one is going to make it.'"

Nottingham, who sometimes leads Bulach into the hole out of a short-yardage set, has the rare distinction of having knocked Dallas' All-Pro tackle, Bob Lilly, flat on his back. "Nottingham covers the hole when the guard pulls," Colt Coach Don McCafferty said. "He hits the tackle about knee high, and he really creams him. After a while the tackle starts looking down for him."

"Big difference for me in pro football," Nottingham piped, "is all the big hits. At Kent State I used to get a few big hits an afternoon, but here every time you get hit, it's a big hit."

The good Colt offense has animated what has always been a very good Colt defense. "We aren't on the field as much now," said Mike Curtis, the middle linebacker who is playing with his right arm

in a cast covering half his forearm and his thumb. He broke the first joint of the thumb and it is held together by the cast and two steel pins. "We're quicker on defense, too," he added. "Bubba Smith is great and so is the rest of the defensive line. Used to be, I worried about making a mistake, but now I can gamble because I know I'm going to be covered. Makes it a lot easier, and the linebackers can take a deeper drop, knowing the line will usually handle the run."

On the bus to the high school field where they held their Saturday workout before the Steeler game, the Colts were relaxed and confident. Roy Hilton, the 6' 6" 240-pound defensive end, roared, "Hey, Bubba, we took a vote and you won unanimous."

Bubba looked at him, his face expressionless.

"You are the No. 1 alltime great ugly cut," Hilton hollered, and the whole bus rocked with laughter. When it had died down, Hilton said, "You the alltime No. 1 ugly because there is so much of you to be ugly."

To set the record straight, Bubba, who stands 6' 8" and weighs 265, is not an

ugly man. He might more aptly be described as majestic.

After the workout McCafferty, whose gentle ways have earned him the nickname "Easy Rider" from his players, was a little worried. "I think maybe they're too relaxed," he said, "but how can you tell? There's no way to know until the game starts."

No one could accuse the Colts of being too relaxed after the game. The dressing room was quietly happy, but the players were a little disappointed.

"They never should have scored," Bubba Smith said, hobbling painfully across the room. "We're a lot better than the score showed."

"It wasn't a very good day for me," Nottingham said. "It was a real bad field for running. Even me, with my stride, I fell down a couple of times. I think we'll do better from here on."

Better could be good enough to put the Colts in the Super Bowl and maybe let the telephone operator in the Colt office keep on answering phones the way she's been doing. Call the Colt office and you'll hear, "World Champion Colts."

END

Willie Richardson anxiously flings the ball in the air after hauling in a 19-yard touchdown pass from Morrell, which gave Baltimore a 19-7 lead.



LOITERING IN THIS PARK IS FORBIDDEN

New York's baby bull, Brad Park, plays right, shoots left and skates at a pace that just could beat Montreal and Boston **by MARK MULVOY**



Stop people on the streets of New York and ask them about Brad Park, and the answers will sometimes be confusing. Brad Park is a playground in the Bronx. Brad Park is a botanical garden over in Brooklyn. Brad Park is a garage near the 59th Street bridge. But mention that name on Ste. Catherine Street in Montreal or on Boylston Street in Boston. "Brad Park," goes the response, "is Bobby Orr disguised as a New York Ranger."

Which is by way of introducing the notion that New Yorkers ought to get with it. Look at the Jets, Giants and Knicks. Winning, they aren't. Two of the town's heroes, Joe Namath and Willis Reed, have knees; another, Fran Tarkenton, has a larger handicap, his teammates. Meanwhile Park's Rangers have been flying. Baby-faced but brash, the 23-year-old defenseman has emerged as the Orr-style leader the Rangers have lacked in their lineup since, oh, before World War II—and Ching-a-ling Johnson isn't much help today. Like Orr, Park op-

erates from the right defense position although he is a left-handed shot (a tricky switch, something like being a left-handed, shortstop in baseball), and—again like Orr—he controls the tempo of a game. "Park does for us what Orr does for Boston," confirms Emile Francis, the tigerish little coach and general manager of the Rangers.

What Park has done for the Rangers so far this season is lead them recklessly past the struggling Bruins and the Stanley Cup Champion Montreal Canadiens to the top in the NHL's East Division. Last week he was routinely first-rate as the Rangers defeated Detroit and played tie games with Toronto and Pittsburgh, the latter a contest they would have won if their forwards had converted only one of the three clear breakaways they had on Goalender Roy Edwards as the result of Park's perfect passes.

Although he would be a celebrity in 13 other NHL cities, Brad understands why many in New York might register his name as a place where you get mugged rather than that of a man who gets paid for mugging his peers. "New York always has been a basketball town," he says. "Look at the newspapers, Willis Reed this. The Knicks that. Basketball is spread across the top of the sports pages. Heck, all hockey ever gets is a little space down at the bottom. And besides, when do I go into New York anyway?"

Unlike Orr, a bachelor who has a lavish apartment in downtown Boston, Park leads the life of a suburban husband. "I drive into New York for our games," he says, "and when they're over I drive right back home again. Other than that, I hardly ever go in."

Park, like all the Rangers except Rod Gilbert—who sometimes has been a better swinger off ice than on, but is wielding a mean stick this season—lives 60 driving minutes from Manhattan in Long Beach, a summer community on the

south shore of Long Island, Francis, who doesn't want his muscular moths fluttering around the lights of Manhattan, discovered Long Beach about five years ago and promptly established his own hockey commune there. Then, recognizing that New York commuting can be more hazardous than any hockey game, Francis arranged for the team to hold all practice sessions at a rink in New Hyde Park, a 20-minute drive from Long Beach, rather than in Madison Square Garden.

Arriving home from practice one day last week Park was greeted by Gerry (his wife and first cousin) and by his Irish Settlers, Quincey and Mike. While Gerry was in the kitchen preparing chili, Brad peppered her with questions. "Any mail?" he asked. "Did the bank call about the mortgage? What about the furniture—will they deliver it on time?" The Parks own one house in their native Toronto, and now they want to buy a two-bedroom bungalow in Long Beach across the street from the one owned by Walt Tkaczuk, the Rangers' strong center. "One of the real advantages of the house," Brad said, "is the grass. There's not too much of it to cut."

After finishing two bowls of chili and four pieces of toast, Park declined a hamburger and began to play with Quincey. "You know," he said, "except for Emile, hockey would be a real drag. He makes it real easy for us, thank goodness. We practice out here. Why, he even takes us to the hotel when we fly home from a Saturday night game and have to play on Sunday."

The Park-Francis relationship has not always been that chummy. Brad was named with Orr to the league's first All-Star team for the 1969-70 season—his second year in the NHL—and when he sat down with Francis to negotiate his new contract he expected a generous helping of Madison Square Garden's money. "Emile was an s.o.b., that's what he was," Park says. "But, hey, that's what he had to be then, and I respected his position. I learned then that there's a big difference between what you want and what you get." Surely the second-best defenseman in the NHL would receive the second-highest salary, right? "Huh," Park says. "Maybe I got half of what Orr got the year before he signed his \$200,000 contract."

Park failed to make the first All-Star team last season, but he bristles at



Ranger Rod Seiling (16) gets his stick in as Keith McCreary of the Penguins awaits a pass. At right: Walt Tkaczuk, a muscular New York center.

the suggestion that he had a bad year. "What's a bad year?" he queries, making his baby face look severe. "The trouble with hockey now is that all defensemen are compared to Orr. Does a defenseman have to score 20 or 30 goals and get 1,000 assists to be good? Heck, no. I think I had a good year for a defenseman last season. The Rangers allowed the fewest goals in the league and won the Vezina trophy. That means the defensemen must have played pretty damn well."

Park believes New York finally has a team that will be able to withstand the pressure from both Montreal and Boston—i.e., one that will not perform the classic Ranger swan dive in late winter. "Emile has handpicked this club," he says, "and for the first time we have a third line that can score."

Like the Redskins' George Allen, Francis believes that, when it comes to winning, youth is wasted on the young—Park being the rule-proving exception. Realizing he could not win the cup with

a kid line, Francis traded for veterans Bruce MacGregor, Bobby Rousseau, Pete Stemkowski and Ted Irvine. MacGregor, one of hockey's best defensive forwards, scored the tying goal at Pittsburgh while the Rangers were playing shorthanded. Another reasonably mature Ranger, Rod Seiling, 26, is the team's top defensive defenseman. Unlike Park, he seldom makes a rush.

At the same time, the Rangers' first line, with Jean Ratelle centering for Gilbert and Captain Vic Hadfield, has been the most productive in the league. By week's end it had 20 goals and 26 assists in 11 games. Its slick passing combinations had rudely befuddled rival goaltenders and defensemen. Hadfield threaded such a perfect pass to Gilbert at the Detroit goal mouth last week that Rod had time to miss his shot—he actually whiffed—before firing the puck into the net on the second swing. "We've been playing together for almost seven years now, longer than any line in the NHL," notes Hadfield. "We always

seem to know where the other guy is."

While charging past Montreal and Boston during October, the Rangers recorded some un-Rangerlike accomplishments. For instance, they scored eight goals against Montreal in one game. They beat Boston—in Boston—where they have been known to falter. And they checked the Black Hawks—the Hull brothers, Stan Mikita, etc.—so closely one night that Chicago managed only one shot on goal in the third period of a 3-1 game.

If Park and the Rangers can continue their superlative play, they may even get some recognition in New York, although Brad fears it will be at least 20 years before hockey attains basketball's popularity.

"They just don't know who the hockey players are," he says. "One night Rod Gilbert was the masked mystery guest on *What's My Line?*, and he stumped the panel. Then he took off his mask. Wouldn't you know? He still stumped the panel."

END

TWO FOR MONEY, ONE FOR SHOW

While Jack Nicklaus was adding to his prestige by winning the Australian Open, Lee Trevino and Arnold Palmer were in Las Vegas trying to overtake Jack as the 1971 money leader. Only Lee did it by GWILYM S. BROWN

The world of golf has been pretty much dominated by Lee Trevino, Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer this year, and last week proved no exception. Officially there were 144 pros entered in the \$135,000 Sahara Invitational at Las Vegas, but what the rich tournament really came down to was Lee and Jack and Arnie, and Jack was there only as an ever-looming spirit. The flesh itself had flown off to play in the \$22,400 Australian Open at Hobart, Tasmania, 8,000 miles away. With only three tournaments now remaining on the tour schedule, these three kings of golf have become embattled in a hunt for the only title of importance left, the leading money winner of 1971. So Nicklaus, with a \$7,600 lead over Trevino and a \$12,100 lead over Palmer, left the other two at home to play a lucrative game of catch-up. And did Trevino ever catch up. When the checks were handed out Sunday night, Lee had added the \$27,000 first prize to his total to sweep past Nick-

laus and go into the lead at \$227,243, the most any golfer has ever won in a year. Palmer finished in a tie for 20th to collect only \$1,269, leaving him a rather distant third.

For Nicklaus, who now thinks in terms of Grand Slams rather than trips to the bank each week, winning the money title has understandably lost some of its zest. "I'm still interested in being at the top of the money stakes, but only if it doesn't interfere with my competing in what I consider to be prestige events," he said in Tasmania. "I've won it three times so it's no longer a case of 'I've got to do it.' Besides, it's far more important to win a national title like this."

Nicklaus got what he was looking for in Australia, the Open title, shooting brilliant rounds of 68, 65, 66 and 70 to win by eight strokes. He also got some pocket money, \$4,320, but not a penny of it counts in the PGA standings. Jack couldn't care less.

Both Trevino and Palmer agree that

success in such events has its attractions, but the desire to win the money title is very much alive. "You're damned right it's important to me," Palmer stated before play began in Las Vegas. "While I wouldn't go to the same extremes as I did when I was younger, it still counts from a personal standpoint."

Palmer had settled down comfortably with a vodka and tonic in his immense Hotel Sahara penthouse suite, with its thick, apricot-colored carpeting and its view of the glittering Las Vegas strip far below. While he now commands this kind of luxury when he travels, the competitive instinct burns as brightly as it did when he rode the tour in a trailer. And it has been a long time since the last big triumph: no major championship since 1964, no money title since 1963.

"I feel I've probably made my mark in golf and shouldn't have to prove anything," he said, "but people who have followed me and watched me play all these years have become more and more excited about the money title. They keep reminding me. Here in the hotel a guy came up to me in the lobby. 'You've got to win this week,' he said. 'You'll be leading in the money if you do.' I think that's great. It makes the money race like the U.S. Open, another mark of distinction in golf."

For many months now Trevino has made no secret of the fact that he would like to be leading money winner for the second consecutive year. He sees it as the natural climax to a season in which he was won the U.S. and British Opens, the final achievement that will make him everybody's athlete of the year, the first Mexican-American to be so acclaimed.

"That would be a great thing, wouldn't it?" he said in Las Vegas. "So you can see why I want that money title so bad."

If Trevino does win it, much credit should go to the way he played in the first round of last week's tournament. It was a bitter day, overcast, cold and windy, with temperatures in the mid-

Lee: "Win the money race, and I'll have a good chance to become pro athlete of the year."





Arner: "You're damn right I want to get it."

40s and pockets of snow beginning to appear on the slopes of the nearby mountains. The site of the Sahara event, Paradise Valley, a name about as appropriate as calling Las Vegas the cradle of American culture, is a 7,143-yard-long course laid down in a stretch of scruffy desert wilderness 10 miles outside town. The wind does not merely blow through Paradise Valley, it howls, and there is no place to hide. Trevino may just possibly be the best wind player in golf, but he hates the cold and, as he climbed into a thick yellow sweater and a voluminous red rain suit prior to loosening up on the practice tee for his round, he predicted that he would be lucky to break 80.

"I can't play in all this gear," he said, "but I don't care if I shoot 85, I'm not going to get pneumonia."

Considering the troubles that have beset Trevino since July, pneumonia would be just part of the act. Immediately following his British Open triumph the usually gregarious fellow suffered a natural mental and physical letdown, but he kept on playing. He tied for 32nd in one tournament, then missed the 36-hole cutoff in the next two. This bad stretch was followed by an appendectomy that put him off the tour for five weeks. His return, prior to Sahara, was marked by two more missed cuts and the only hint of the real Trevino came at the Kaiser in California two weeks ago, where he tied for 15th. In the meantime his mother died after a long illness.

While these sad affairs were taking place Trevino was also losing ground in

the stakes race. In the three months between the end of the British Open and the start of Sahara, Palmer had earned \$80,449 in prize money, Nicklaus \$45,868 and Trevino only \$3,660.

But now, with a dark-green wool cap pulled down over the tops of his ears and his red rain suit snapping and crackling in the wind, Trevino was ready to make up for lost dollars. With a frost-ripped gallery of about 100 watching, he began his round at the 10th tee and after three routine pars he produced his first comeback thrust. On the par 5 fourth hole, faced with a five-wood second shot into a quivering wind, he hit the ball to the right edge of the green and sank a 25-foot putt for an eagle 3. He birdied the eighth hole with a chip and a 10-foot putt. He then made a classic birdie on the ninth, a long par 4 directly into a 30-mph wind, over a narrow, roller coaster fairway to a small green flanked on the right by a pond. From a hollow in the middle of the fairway, Trevino lashed a two-iron shot that boomed like a tracer bullet toward the distant green. He raced up the sloping fairway after the shot, then did his own version of the Mexican hat dance when he saw that the ball had stopped only 15 feet short of the flagstick. When he sank the putt, Trevino had played nine holes in a magnificent four-under-par 32 despite conditions that would have done credit to Pebble Beach at its most ornery.

He slipped somewhat on the second nine, almost balancing two three-putt greens with another birdie, but during this cold, blustery day Trevino had hit all 18 greens in the regulation number of shots, needed 34 putts and scored a 69, one of the day's 10 subpar rounds. He trailed tournament leader Bob Dickson, who had one-putted 10 greens, by a single shot and, more importantly, led Palmer by five strokes.

This finely wrought opening round was the key to Trevino's success in Las Vegas, for it kept him in contention right through the tournament. His par 72 on Friday, another miserable day, gave him the halfway lead by a shot over Dickson and a seven-shot lead over Palmer, who posted another 74 and was back in an 11-way tie for 27th. On Saturday the weather turned sunny and benign. Palmer holed some putts, shot a 69, and

moved into a 10-way tie for ninth with a one-over-par 217 for 34 holes.

"The weather was more like it, but the course didn't seem to play any easier," Palmer said. "I guess I'd really be back in business if I could have just gotten down to even par."

Trevino was right on target to 16 greens, but off target again with his putter and shot a poor 73, slipping into fourth place, four shots back of the leader, Dickson, who had another 68.

"I've forgotten about that 73 already," said Trevino later as he sipped a beer. "No one's going to take it off the board just because I groan and moan. Tomorrow I'm coming back, shoot a 66 and either win or finish second."

Which is precisely what he did, bagging his 66 and winning. "Now who's the leading money winner," he said to the gallery as he left the 18th green. "If they have to, those other two guys will go right down to that last tournament in the Bahamas to try and beat me, but I'll tell you something—I'll be right there beside them." **END**

Jack: "Major titles are more important."





BOBBY CLEARS THE BOARD FOR THE TITLE

The young U.S. master, after Tigran Petrosian smashed his 20-game streak, closed strong to earn a shot at the world's chess champion **by ROBERT CANTWELL**



The audience in the Teatro General San Martín in Buenos Aires seemed mesmerized as Bobby Fischer took his seat in a leather desk chair and pushed his king's pawn forward two squares. P-K4. The first game of the scheduled 12-game chess match between Tigran Petrosian of the Soviet Union and Fischer of the United States had begun as expected. Fischer, playing the white pieces, made his usual, almost inevitable first move. He pressed a lever stopping his time clock and starting Petrosian's, then jotted down his move on the score sheet beside him. Two young men hurried forward from the obscurity of stage rear—one checking the move Fischer had made, the other duplicating it on a large red-and-white chessboard set against the backdrop behind the players.

Twenty-seven days later, after eight games, 42 hours on the stage and a total of nearly 350 moves each, Fischer and Petrosian had come to the brink. Or rather, Petrosian had. After a four-game lapse in which he had played listlessly or ineptly, Fischer had regained his summer form and had reduced the former world champion to a pawn, a knight and a king in the ninth and, as it turned out, last game. For all that, the scene appeared much as it had when the matches began.

One change was the chessboard: Petrosian had objected to the bright colors on the red-and-white layout, and so the red squares had been changed to a dull brown. But the audience for the ninth game was as it had been for the first: entranced with the situation and the Fischer personality. The broad panels of fluorescent lights threw the same pallid, shadowless illumination on the two immobile figures onstage—Fischer, age 28, dark blue suit, dark maroon tie, tall, thin, pale, intent, shifting hardly at all except to move his chessmen or to

rest his fingers against his bony cheek or to step into the wings occasionally to take a bite of a grilled-kidney sandwich and a swig of orange juice; Petrosian, age 42, short, square-shouldered, bulky, abundant black hair over his grave Armenian features, bending over the board and peering at each of Fischer's moves like a diamond merchant appraising a possible purchase. He too was immobile except for a rare walk to the referee's table for a cup of coffee from his thermos bottle.

Between moves, Petrosian deliberated much longer than Fischer—as much as 25 minutes. At such times the audience squirmed with anticipation, but nothing happened—unless the squirming got too noisy. Then red signs went on at both sides of the proscenium: SILENCE. The sameness, the nothingness, was all camouflage, however. These 27 days had shaken the chess world.

The Fischer-Petrosian match was the third and final round in the eliminations to determine the challenger next spring for the world championship now held by 34-year-old Boris Spassky of Russia. Under the rules the first player to score 6½ points—a victory counting for one point, a draw half a point—was the winner. But the issue was settled, for all practical purposes, by the seventh game. After that victory by Fischer, Petrosian would have had to take four of the last five games to win. Despite this air of inevitability hanging over the last days of the competition, something new and undefined charged every game. Fischer had arrived in Buenos Aires after the most sensational string of chess victories ever recorded—19 in a row over some of the world's greatest players (SI, Aug. 2). He was quite sociable—for Fischer, that is. He gave interviews, tramped the streets at night with hero-worshipping young journalists, smiled stiffly for pho-

tographers and responded amiably when President Alejandro Agustín Lanusse gave him and Petrosian exquisite chessboards of green-and-white onyx. Ordinarily, Fischer is socially evasive rather than hostile, likely to greet even an old friend as if he were expecting a subpoena. Despite his good humor, he was under a strain: he wanted to keep his unbroken string going, but he also wanted to show that it had not gone to his head.

Petrosian arrived with a record as impressive in its way as Fischer's. In 42 preceding games he had been beaten only twice—but he had won only a handful of the rest. The others were all draws, reinforcing his reputation as the most cautious, imperturbable, resourceful defensive player of all time. And so Petrosian was under no strain to uphold an impossible standard. He arrived with his wife Rhona, a friendly and motherly woman, together with a number of Russian chess officials and experts and a pair of muscular bodyguards.

Petrosian began the first game against Fischer as if bodyguards were the last thing in the world he needed. On his 11th move in a Sicilian Defense opening, Petrosian introduced a surprise variation that refuted Fischer's favorite line in such situations. The effect was to reverse roles. Petrosian was suddenly attacking with Fischer's boldness, and Fischer was defending with Petrosian's habitual caution. Fischer exchanged pieces, simplifying the game, but still appeared to be losing. Then, unexpectedly, Petrosian reverted to his usual passivity, drifting into an infirm end game in which his allotted time was woefully short. He offered Fischer a draw. Fischer refused. With only seconds remaining on his clock (Fischer had half an hour), Petrosian staggered into a hopeless position and resigned on the 40th move. Fischer's unbroken string of victories had now reached 20 games. Still, he had been outplayed. If not for his time trouble, Petrosian could easily have drawn, and possibly won.

Fischer arrived three minutes late for the second game, and with the black pieces played a reckless match. In a rare lapse of judgment he overreached himself in the opening, was unable to castle

Bobby Fischer's decisive rook move (K2-K7) in the seventh game was the crusher for Petrosian. The posturing of the second white rook on the Russian's seventh rank imprisoned his king against the edge of the board and mate became inevitable. Petrosian scrambled for three moves more, then resigned. The sequence that set this up, according to an analysis by International Grand Master Robert Byrne, began 29 moves earlier, when Fischer isolated Petrosian's queen's pawn. Fischer ignored a failed exchange at the 13th move to keep the win (complete game on page 32).

continued

and found himself in the end game with a wandering king. He resigned after 32 moves. The great winning streak was over.

"Over?" said Isaac Kashdan, a former U.S. champion. "It's smashed to smithereens!" The crowd—1,200 inside the theater, 2,000 in the lobby—chanted, "Tigran! Tigran!"

Games three, four and five—all draws—represented another kind of turn in the Fischer fortunes. In the third game Petrosian barricaded his king behind a hedgehog formation and waited for Fischer to come and get him. Fischer made a speculative sally, sacrificing a pawn and offering to sacrifice the exchange (trading a stronger rook for a bishop), but Petrosian declined. For a time his ruthless precision promised another victory, but he again got into time trouble, and Fischer gained an automatic draw on repeated moves. It was a lucky save for the American. The score, now 1½ to 1½, could easily have been 3-0 in favor of Petrosian.

For the next 10 days, while he took on all the earmarks of a loser, Fischer reverted to kind. No photographs. No smiles. No interviews. "I've been seeing too many people," he said. He caught cold. He changed hotel rooms repeatedly. He could not sleep and blamed it on the sound of traffic rising from the Avenue of the Ninth of July. "I do not know how many times Mr. Fischer changed his room," said the hotel manager with dignity. "Every day, I think."

Edmund Edmondson, a retired Air Force colonel and executive director of the U.S. Chess Federation, acted as Fischer's buffer against photographers, television cameramen, journalists and innocent bystanders. When a well-wisher told Edmondson that he looked forward to happier chess occasions for Fischer, the colonel said hollowly, "A draw is a happy occasion."

The fourth game was a grand master's draw, a perfunctory 20-move affair, with Fischer proposing and getting a draw after only an hour and 20 minutes of play. In the fifth game Petrosian offered a draw on the 34th move, and Fischer refused, only to turn around four moves later and offer one that Petrosian accepted. "Petrosian is making Bobby play his kind of chess," said Larry Evans, Fischer's second.

The draws seemed to increase, rather than reduce, the tensions of the crowds,

which appeared, in the great mirrored lobby, to reach out into infinity. People stood shoulder to shoulder, like a crowd in a subway rush hour, remaining till the final move of each game. In addition to the fans trying to figure out each player's next move, there were those who studied something else: they were watching Fischer come down from his mountain of unbroken victories, to the plains of victory, loss and draw.

With the white pieces in game six, Petrosian was relaxed and confident. Fischer was pale, if not haggard. And yet, after half a dozen moves Fischer had calmed and begun to concentrate. About an hour into the game two stretch bombs

of the match. Tradition has it that when two chess masters are of roughly equal ability the winner will usually be the one in the best physical condition—or, as chess players put it ironically, nobody has ever won a match from a healthy opponent.

Until this stage of the drama, Petrosian looked better than Fischer. But two days later, at the last possible moment before the eighth game, Petrosian requested a postponement, submitting a certificate that he was suffering from low blood pressure complicated by the hot, humid weather of the Buenos Aires spring. He spent the day wandering through the city and listening to Tchaikovsky records in a music store.

The five-day rest was precisely what Fischer needed. With a two-point advantage, 4½ to 2½, and relieved of the pressure of his victory string, he relaxed visibly. He avoided the American chess experts and hung out with a young Argentine champion, Miguel Angel Quinteros, 24, who was doing commentary for local television. Fischer played a little tennis at the Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club, swam in the pool of the Club de Gimnasia y Esgrima, played Ping-Pong with some Argentine youngsters and hid out from reporters.

What chess players think about during a game is incommensurable, particularly in matches like this, when every move they make is being pondered by thousands around the world. Fischer gave one small glimpse of what went on in his mind as he took his place on the stage for the eighth game when he admitted (after the match) that he was still not confident of winning. He played carefully, coldly, logically, trying no bold ventures or brilliant forays, slowly building up a minute advantage in position until he was able to launch an attack of overwhelming power. "Petrosian's spirit is broken," said a Russian grand master, Yuri Auerbach, when Petrosian resigned at the 40th move. "You can't play chess after you are 40 years old. Spassky will be stronger."

So the stage was set for the ninth game, same scene, same setting, except that the characters looked drawn and the crowd spilled out of the theater into the street. Playing the white, Fischer advanced his queen pawn on the second move, and it all seemed to have happened before, a static drama endlessly

SEVENTH GAME

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Fischer white	Petrosian black	Fischer white	Petrosian black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	18. P-QN4	R-B1
2. P-K4g	P-T3	19. R-B3	R-B5
3. P-Q2	PxP	20. P-R3	R-R2
4. NxP	P-QB3	21. R-K5	R-Q2
5. P-Q2	N-Q3	22. N-B3	P-B2
6. Na3	N-P3	23. P-QB1	P-B3
7. O-O	P-Q4	24. R-B7	N-Q7
8. P-Q4	P-R4	25. R-K2	P-T3
9. B-P3	B-P3	26. R-K2	P-R4
10. P-P3	P-P3	27. P-B4	P-R5
11. P-R3	P-R2	28. R-K3	P-R1
12. P-R3	P-P2	29. R-K3	P-Q5
13. R-K1	Q-Q2	30. R-Q2	N-B3
14. NxQ	N-Q3	31. R-R2	N-Q4
15. R-K3	O-O	32. R-Q3	R-B2
16. R-Q5	N-K1	33. R-Q3	N-B3
17. R-R4	P-R4	34. R-R4	R-Q3

went off in the last row of the theater. All over the theater handkerchiefs were held to noses; in the back rows people headed for the exits. Referee Lothar Schmid, a West German publisher and chess master, approached Petrosian and Fischer to ask if they wanted to stop. "It's a gas bomb," he said.

"Poison gas?" Fischer asked.

Assured it wasn't, Petrosian and Fischer agreed to continue. But it turned into a sterile game for Petrosian. Fischer broke through on the queen side just before the game was adjourned at the 40th move; when it was resumed at five o'clock the following day Fischer demolished the blockades that Petrosian tried to set, and after the 66th move Petrosian resigned.

Fischer's victory in game six was simplified because Petrosian played badly, but there was no such weakness in the seventh, a classical, logical demonstration of mastery and the turning point

continued

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repeated. But now Fischer seemed to be more mature. He watched Petrosian hesitate over his opening, saw him spend nine minutes on his seventh move, and two moves later, when Petrosian wasted another five minutes on a weak response, Fischer knew he was going to win.

At that point Fischer may have been the only one who did. But then, chess masters see further ahead than ordinary chess players. Petrosian sacrificed material to set up a mating net on the king side. To the layman's eye (and even to some experts), Petrosian's web looked lethal, and although Fischer slowly worked his king to safety, picking up pawns as he did so, his position seemed hopeless. But Petrosian failed, and on the 44th move had only his king, a knight and a single pawn; Fischer had his king, rook and six pawns.

"Six pawns!" said Herman Pinick, the commentator on the games. "Do you know what that means? There are only eight to begin with." Two moves later Petrosian resigned. By any standard, even those of the rankiest amateur, he should have resigned long before. But he went on playing like an automaton, until he literally had nothing left to lose.

Fischer's recent record raises the distinct possibility that he has made a breakthrough in modern chess theory. His response to Petrosian's elaborately plotted 11th move in the first game is an example: Russian experts had worked on the variation for weeks, yet when it was thrown at Fischer suddenly, he faced its consequences alone and won by applying simple, classic principles. Masters like Petrosian may have become prisoners of the past.

In the moment after winning, Fischer started to step forward on the stage to acknowledge the cheers. Then he changed his mind and disappeared through a rear exit while Petrosian threaded his way slowly through the screaming mob in the lobby, nodding his thanks to applause. Fischer and Quinteros ran down the dark back street, pursued by a crowd of excited youngsters. Finally at Uruguay Street they found an empty cab, made a brief appearance at the television studio to discuss the match, and then drove to a bowling alley in a suburb in north Buenos Aires where the two of them bowled steadily until 3:30 in the morning.

END

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A JUMP AHEAD OF EXTINCTION



HARD KNOCKS ARE PART OF THE JOB. HERE JOCKEY JOE AITCHESON HITS THE TURF WHEN HIS MOUNT FALLS IN A VIRGINIA RACE

Sports sometimes fade and die out, just as institutions and ideas, fashions and towns and memories. To be with steeplechase riders is to sense that same morbid edge of helplessness that must come while visiting in the wild with the last of the peregrine falcons or the Bengal tigers or any other kind of endangered species.

Boys in America grow up to ride cars now, not horses, and it is just as well that they do, because for any boy who grows to average height there are no horses and no races left to ride. Although steeplechasers exhibit truer form than flat racehorses, although they are unquestionably a more exciting entertainment, the battle to delay the extinction of the breed is harder all the time. The difficulty is that despite statistics that prove jumpers are more consistent performers, bettors consider them a chancy lot and inexplicably prefer playing the even-chancier daily doubles, exactas,

quinellas, superfectas, pick-sixes and all the other numbers games that are dressed up as horse races.

Only Delaware, Monmouth and the three major New York tracks suffer the jumpers anymore, and then on a backdoor basis—one race a day, some of the days. Otherwise, the riders scurry about like traveling tinkers to catch a \$25 ride at the fancy hunt meetings that are scattered over the country landscape from Pennsylvania to South Carolina. Most of the jump riders must depend on exercising flat horses in the gray chill dawn for the bulk of their livelihood, such as it is. Only three or four ever make much over \$10,000 a year, and none has ever managed as much as \$40,000. The jump jockeys pay their own expenses, hustle each other shamelessly for what few rides there are—no self-respecting agent considers them worth his time—and disdain medical niceties.

It is not unusual for riders to strap

on a figure-eight bandage and compete with a broken collarbone a few days after an injury. Yet they make no claim to heroics, only the need to keep the wolf from the door. A broken collarbone is merely an occupational inconvenience, like a secretary temporarily running out of carbon paper. "The first race I rode, in '55, I broke my collarbone; I broke it two times that year and I think six times altogether, but I only got hurt real bad once," Joe Aitcheson Jr. says dispassionately.

And the tone is typical, if Aitcheson is not. He has been the nation's leading jump rider seven of the last 10 years and, many will say, the finest ever in his profession. Appropriately, last year he won the first \$100,000 U.S. steeplechase, the Colonial Cup, in Camden, S.C. That is the one bright beacon on the dark jump horizon, a race that will have its second running on Nov. 20.

Aitcheson—the first syllable is an a

Steeplechasing is on its last legs, and that rare bird, the rider over fences, is now an endangered species—which is a pity because his sport has been the making and breaking of some of the nation's most successful horsemen

by FRANK DEFORD



ANOTHER HORSE PLOUGHS INTO THEM, TRAPPING AITCHESON. AW, DON'T KICK A GOOD MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN. NO ONE WAS HURT

as in ale, but most fans and even a few friends refer to him as in the song *Aitchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe*—is 43, with beautiful wavy jet black hair. His one concession to vanity is sideburns: he wears none because gray hairs show there. "Watch him, lady, he's older than he looks," another jock tells a pretty girl. Aitchison's face is the mournful, rugged kind one usually associates with Indians. He is lean and sinewy, 5' 10" and 143. He has green eyes and two blue-bird tattoos, one over each nipple. Whether he is or not, one comes away from Aitchison with the impression that he is strong and handsome.

He has never been recognized as a technically outstanding craftsman. For instance, a jockey such as the aggressive young Virginian, Jerry Fishback, would be considered a more stylish study. Aitchison, however, is the consummate professional, careful and bold—one and the same—absolutely determined and

singularly dedicated. Bobby McDonald, bald, weak-eyed, yet still riding though he is almost 50, sums up his buddy Aitchison in nearly stilted Runyonese: "Joe is devoted very much to his business of riding."

It is bad enough that the jump rider is permitted to exist only on the periphery of his sport—but worse, he is never permitted to enjoy a civilized regimen. Each day is Balkanized, so the rider lives a 14-day week. He is finished exercising horses at an hour when most people are just punching in, then it may be six or seven hours later before he gets into his one real race of the day.

"Well now," McDonald begins. He is an engaging and verbose butterfly of a man—5' 6", 120—who started out riding flats years before a lot of the jockeys he works against were born. "Well now, I can't speak for what the others do, but I might play a round of golf, a complete 18 holes, or I might just go

home and keep some company with a bottle of rum. Then take a nice nap, and I'm fit and ready to ride. Not a bad arrangement at all."

Aitchison, listening, smiles. What does he do with his long daily interim? "Kill time," he replies at some length.

"I'll tell you what Joe will do any day," says Doug Small Jr., one of his main riding rivals until he gave up the fight against weight and went into training horses this year. "He'll go home and stare at a wall, and he'll think all afternoon about how he's going to ride that horse, and it doesn't matter whether it is a stakes or a cheap clamer. He'll shut out the world for any race."

Aitchison enjoys the happy estate of standing at the top of a profession that he relishes and honors. When they were much younger, his nephews started calling him "Jockey Joe" instead of Uncle Joe, and the nickname stuck back in Laurel, Md., where Aitchison, divorced,

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A JUMP continued

lives with his parents and his daughter. Such an unimaginative name might seem too simple and undignified, but Aitcheson is one of those rare people who embodies his profession. He really is Jockey Joe.

Although his universe is limited, steeplechasing is layered with social strata and complicated interrelationships. At the nucleus, there is a handful of professional jockeys who take up almost all the mounts at the major tracks. So small is this community that Bobby McDonald himself has been involved in a close way with every professional who has been killed jumping in America in the last two decades.

One young rider died in the backseat of McDonald's car at a toll bridge. "He made a bad fence at Monmouth," McDonald says, "and the horse's head jerked back and hit him in the chest. He stayed on and finished the race, but that was like a sledgehammer hitting him in the heart." The jockey spit up blood, but the doctors failed to diagnose a ruptured heart, so McDonald put the rider in his car to drive him home. "Right before the tolls at the Goethals bridge—oh, it was right there at the tolls, with the rain beating down, it was pouring so—right there was the last we heard from him. I didn't know it then, but that was the death rattle."

The jockeys are, naturally, aware of the hazards, but the menace sits easily with them. "Ah," says Leo O'Brien in his Dublin brogue, "you must not let yourself ever forget that the horses aren't so stupid that they want to fall. Now, if they wanted to fall, I wouldn't have anything to do with them."

"There's only one way to go at it," McDonald says. "We're a band of cut-throats. We're all trying to subvert each other, both getting the mounts and riding them. If I can outdo you, I will, and I expect the same from you. I seldom claim fouls. I'll have my opportunity to get back. But you leave that on the track. Joe, I've probably shut you off and you've shut me off." Aitcheson nodded. "But I don't remember any arguments afterward." Joe nodded again.

The fibers of this compact are stretched tightest by young Fishback, a confident 24-year-old who has been riding professionally since he was a high school junior. Brash as Aitcheson is taciturn, Fishback has pulled ahead in the 1971

jockey standings and figures to deny Aitcheson the crown for the first time since 1966. Earlier this year, in an uncharacteristic outburst, Aitcheson slugged Fishback following a race in which he felt the younger rider had carried him unnecessarily wide to benefit the other half of the entry Fishback was riding for. Aitcheson was fined \$100. Another time this year, at the conclusion of a race at Delaware, Jockey Larry Bates leapt from his mount to Fishback's, as in the cowboy movies, and dragged him to the ground.

The echelon of top jump riders is so restricted, even intimate, that it could not for long bear the strain of any sustained contentment. The riders must learn to get along lest their whole society fly apart. Jump jockeys have their own special hangouts, their own fairs, even a coterie of bookies who travel to the hunt meetings that do not offer pari-mutuel betting. The fact that so many flat riders are of a different ethnic strain, Latin American, surely encourages this exclusivity, but other factors—notably economic and an abiding interest in the sport—have conspired to set them apart.

Even when they party together, which is often, their congeniality is undelaid with competitiveness. At one source following a hunt meeting a few years ago, a rider named Tommy Walsh began to boast to McDonald of his exceptional speed afoot. Despite the fact that Walsh was more than 15 years younger, McDonald demanded a race. The additional fact that McDonald was hobbling on crutches with a recently broken pelvis, did not, apparently, dim the older man's confidence.

Walsh agreed to spot McDonald a few yards head start in view of this infirmity, and they laid the bets. They were to run to a shed—actually, it was an out-house—some distance away. At the starting signal McDonald stunned the assembly by simply letting his crutches fall away, and with an effort seen nowhere this side of Oral Roberts lit out full tilt with his broken pelvis. As the race progressed, alas, Walsh edged closer, and appeared ready to take the lead. He probably would have won, too, but the condition book listed the finish as *to the shed*. Walsh slowed down in the final stride to brace himself, but McDonald just ran headlong into the building, bouncing back off of it the winner by

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inches. It was a predictable result. The first 10 jumping races McDonald rode he fell off, but he has ridden another 26 years. He is not easily intimidated.

Beyond this close society of professionals, there is a pool of amateur, or "gentlemen," jockeys. A tradition centuries old is still upheld at hunt meets, and when an amateur rides against pros a "Mr." is always prefixed to his name in the program. (There is an old tale about the kid professional jockey who was looking for an opening in the stretch and screamed: "Let me through, you sons of bitches—and you too, Mr. Bostwick.") The amateur riders are often wealthy, often society types, often owners of the horses they ride. They are lawyers and brokers—or even more basically professional. John Fisher, who owned and rode the country's 1970 champion timber horse, Landing Party, is a veterinarian and is always referred to by the pros as "Dr. Fisher."

The two groups coexist comfortably and accept each other at face value. An amateur will occasionally leave his job in Baltimore and pop up to Belmont to ride—which is rather as if he would fly out to Detroit to punch-hit for the Tigers every now and then—and the pros all learn to be comfortable performing at the hunt meets. These meets are a world apart from the shopping-center flat tracks; they are relics from a more titled time, places where men still wear cuffs on their pants and where the money—no less than the clothing—is substantial rather than loud. The meetings are called Rose Tree or Unionville, Far Hills or Fair Hill, Middleburg or Rolling Rock.

The hunts appeal to the pros if for no other reason than that they offer them more rides, up to a dozen in a two-day meet. Antichson once won five races one afternoon at Middleburg. The jump jockeys must pay their own way to these meetings, passing up their usual exercise and schooling fees for the chance at real competition, and if they do not get a mount or two in the money they might not break even.

There are no valets to attend them, or carpeted quarters or commodious dressing areas. At Rolling Rock, once a Mellon preserve about an hour southeast of Pittsburgh that has been described, and not facetiously, as a "rich man's Saratoga," the jocks must dress in a quaint

Hansel-and-Gretel hut. Antichson and several of the others will take their tack and toss it in a pile outside on the ground, lounging on it between races. It resembles, more than anything else, a National Guard weekend bivouac. Between races, the riders strip to the waist and change into new silks under the cool autumn sun.

The scene is gloriously pastoral, antiquated, even innocent, and most years it is ringed by a forest of leafy spangled hues, as if the Devil had set fire to the whole outside world and let only this green bowl stay untouched for the horses and the men who ride them.

Oh, there are some concessions to today. The local beauty queen, topped with her crown, is an honored attendance, and a high school band, scarlet pompons on the majorettes' boots, performs. Friendly bookmakers, chalking odds on their McGuffey's Reader blackboards, cluck a midway come-on. Up on the hill the tailgate set moves gin and juice and eschews the bookies for more convivial betting pools and the comfort that somebody in their Country Squire thus will win every race. Like everyone else, the jockeys wear tweed coats, buttoning them over their silks when not riding. After the last race, they pile into their rented cars and rush to Pittsburgh for the flight back to New York so they can be up early the next morning to gallop flat horses in the mist. Some kid, sleeping in, who goes 112 pounds and makes \$100,000 a year, will get these mounts a couple afternoons later and pick up another few grand.

"You get to know some of the flat boys pretty well," Doug Small says. "Anyway, you do if you are like I was, stuck in the sweatbox with them for hours. They feel sorry for us. They know what kind of money we're making. They don't understand why we do it."

Small is a 6-footer and was trying to weigh under 140. He would sweat out his hours, then endure an agonizing rub-down with regular table salt to force him to sweat some more. Jump jockeys get in automobiles, turn on the heat full blast, add the caldron of an auxiliary heater and drive that way for hours to the races, melting off pounds at 150°.

As soon as he quit, Small picked up 30 pounds and once again became a good-humored individual. "It's great," says his blonde wife Susan. "It's like hav-

ing been married to two men without ever bothering to get a divorce." Their devotion to their craft, their indigence and their battles with weight do not make jump jockeys the most palatable of spouses. The wife of one, in exasperation, at last gave up and cloused her husband in the head with a golf club. "It was a nine-iron, I believe," says one rider. "No, she used the wedge," says another.

What possesses these men is a spirited kind of pride, even elitism. They can tolerate the second-class indignities, the ignorance of the betting public, the slights of purse and publicity, simply because they are convinced that they are the best riders. *Horsemen* is the word they fall back on sooner or later. They are proud to call themselves horsemen. Pressed, they flaunt it.

They are not just blowing smoke, either. Many trainers prefer them to exercise their flat horses because, despite the added weight, their savvy makes them assistant trainers on the hoof. Beyond that,

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A JUMP continued

an absolutely extraordinary number of jump riders have on retirement become fine trainers at the flats. They include in the East: Sidney Watters Jr., J. Bowes Bond, Scotty Schulhofer, Evan Jackson, Downey Bossal, Allen Jenkins, Mike Smithwick and Jim Maloney. Of special notice abroad are Vincent O'Brien, who handled Nijinsky, and Ian Balding, who saddles the current Horse of the World, Mill Reef. Younger hurdles riders, such as Fishback, are already planning ahead to careers as trainers.

Nonetheless, although the jumpers have given much more to thoroughbred racing than they are paid in return, their game is inexorably being phased out. Next year there will almost surely be only three races a week in New York. The Colonial Cup, which will be an off-track betting special and, hopefully, televised back to New York, is just one small cut against the sad grain of recent history.

Perhaps only a full demise of the sport can remove Atesheson from the saddle. He grew up with horses on his father's farm in Laurel, riding the Maryland point-to-points as a teen-age amateur and breaking into the pros after a Navy tour. Joe Sr., in his 70s, still operates a farm, complete with a half-mile galloping track, and Joe's sister, Mrs. Jane Curley, trains jumpers herself. Atesheson's daughter Jody, who is 12, rides in children's shows, but he seems prouder of the fact that she cooks dinner for him when he comes home to Laurel. He is an infinitely private man, and reveals himself behind his becoming shy smile only when he talks of the child. His peers hold him in that deep respect that is given to men who are as personally compassionate as they are professionally tough.

"I just love riding," Atesheson says. "I don't ever want to stop. Oh, if ever there aren't enough races, that would be so boring, but I guess I'd have to stop. It would just be so boring."

There have been times, late in the year when Atesheson was battling for the riders' title, when he has gotten other jockeys to give him their mounts—but not their fees. "That's right," says Doug Small. "He'd actually ride for free. It means that much to him."

"I just want to ride," says Jockey Joe, crossing his bluebirds with the protective pads for his collarbones. **END**

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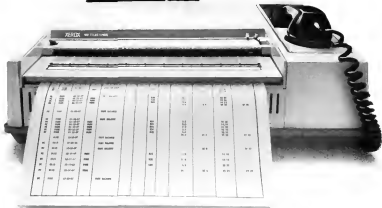
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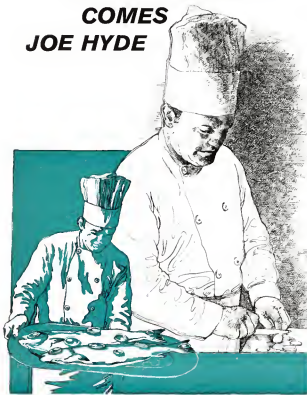
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TRICK OR TRUITE: HERE COMES JOE HYDE



Elegance and simplicity are the why and the wherefore of Chef Joe Hyde, sportsman, savant of fish and game and author of the new cookbook *Lorr, Time & Butter*. At Gay Head on Martha's Vineyard, where fishing for striped bass can be a pretentious production calling for belted waders, plug bags and floating flashlights, Hyde once appeared on the beach carrying a rod and wearing a dark blue suit, brightly polished black shoes and a derby hat. As the other anglers watched in silence, Hyde waded into the surf up to his armpits, caught two 20-pound strippers, tipped his bowler to on-lookers and departed dripping wet.

On the Vineyard, in New York City, Kansas City, Hobo Sound and Santa Barbara, all locales where he has cooked or taught cooking, Chef Joe Hyde is, in the words of Novelist Robert Crichton, "sort of semilegendary." Should a client's dinner party flag, Hyde, looking like a white-hatted Brendan Behan, has been known to bound from the kitchen to supply the missing ingredient, his own good cheer. At one dull gathering in New Jersey, he enlivened the proceedings by Indian wrestling with the guests. Some years ago at a garden party for Patrice Lumumba's delegation to the U.N., he showed the befuddled Congolese how to eat corn on the cob. Having done so, he threw the finished ear behind him with a flourish. A week later, at least so the story goes, the Congolese attended a formal dinner in the state dining room at the U.N. Corn on the cob was served, and the Congolese startled everyone by tossing the cobs over their shoulders. But Hyde has his shy moments, too. When Elizabeth Taylor sought him out to congratulate him on a dinner, he hid under the kitchen table, where he pretended to fuss with pots and pans. "I didn't want to get involved," he says.

Gastronomically, Joe Hyde belongs to the classic French school, with the emphasis, as an admiring food critic of *The New Yorker* once put it, on "preserving the essential greatness of the ingredients, rather than exalting them to complicated and unrecognizable heights." Hyde preaches the gospel of simplicity in food with such fervor that he sometimes refers to himself as "the backlash to the Galloping Gourmet and other TV chefs. While the bird is dry-

ing out more and more, they just confuse and snow the audience. Teaching cooking should be about detailed simple processes."

Hyde does about 60 dinner parties a year, and one of his simple spreads—enhanced with a touch of game fish here, a game bird or so there—can cost the host up to \$20 a guest. Hyde and his family live in Saeden's Landing, N.Y., but they also have a house on the beach at the Vineyard, which Hyde visits often for seafood. "I love nothing better," he says, "than to have a client ask, 'Is this fish fresh?' And I say, 'Yes, sir, I caught it myself last night on Martha's Vineyard. Would you like some more?'" Among Hyde's favorite seafoods are minnows, known as spearing, dipped in beer and then in a mixture of bread crumbs and flour and fried in deep fat; bay scallops, either smoked or sautéed *meunière* (the floured scallops are in the hot pan only one minute; if they stay longer they toughen); boiled periwinkles served cold with a vinaigrette dip of chopped onions, salt, pepper, oil and vinegar; fresh mussels and poached fish, preferably a striped bass or salmon of from five to 12 pounds. "The way to cook fish is to poach it whole," Hyde says, explaining that this is the best method to keep it juicy. "People have simply gotten used to fish being dry, because it is so often served that way."

Dryness is only one of the horrors that Hyde sees in American cooking of fish and game. He is aghast at the idea of storing venison or rabbit in a freezer. Instead he marinates them in crocks filled with red wine. Similarly, he feels game birds should be well hung. Adhering to French custom, he hangs a woodcock until it has one or two maggots in it. "Not 50 or 100," he says. "Just one or two." He also contends that all birds, except turkeys with exceptionally large breasts, should be roasted breast down and not up. "The hottest part of the oven is the top," Hyde explains, "and the back should stick up in the hot air because it has little meat on it." As fond as he is of game, Hyde regrets that he cannot get it often enough. Recently he roasted some starlings for a friend. "They weren't bad," he says, "but I suspect blue jays are better."

Hyde, who is now 43, was born sur-

rounded by the Beautiful People. His maternal grandmother, Mary Tonetti, a sculptress, started the artistic colony at Saeden's Landing on the Hudson River. Hyde's neighbors have included Orson Welles, John Steinbeck, Katharine Cornell, Jerome Robbins, Mike Wallace, Aaron Copland, Noel Coward, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier and Burgess Meredith. As a youngster, Hyde taught Olivier how to sail; his boat was named *Fiddle-dee-dee*, a favorite expression of Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind*.

Hyde's father, Robert McKee Hyde, was a well-to-do eccentric. He occupied his time writing ("His *Winds of Gobi* is a perfectly beautiful book about China," says Hyde. "He had never been there"), practicing madism, collecting spiders and hunting mushrooms, an avocation inherited by his son. Upon graduating from Trinity College in Hartford in 1950, Hyde decided on a conventional enough career, the hotel business, because he enjoyed meeting people. He went to work at the Hotel Raleigh in Washington, D.C., and there he was started in the kitchen. He perceived immediately, he says, that cooking was to be his destiny. He spent three weeks with the roast cook, two weeks in the pastry shop, three weeks in cold meat and a week in the storeroom, where his first task was to clean all the cans on the shelves. He had no sooner absorbed the location of the canned goods than he was drafted into the Army. There, amazingly, he wound up serving as a cook for a heavy-mortar company in Korea. Hyde took along a Betty Crocker cookbook. "When the menu said steak, I always made stew," he recalls. "I made a casserole with the hamburger meat. I browned the meat, poured off the fat, added garlic, bay leaf, onion and tomato puree and simmered the sauce for two hours. Then I put layers of cooked elbow macaroni, sauce and sliced American cheese into the deep pans until they were full. The whole affair was baked for an hour; one pan went out to each platoon. The boys liked it. They called it 'Holy Matriess.'"

On his return to civilian life, Hyde worked as a room clerk at the Statler Hotel in New York for six months before going to France. There, through

UNESCO, he got a job as an apprentice in Chez Nandron, a two-star restaurant in Lyons, considered by some to be the culinary capital of France. His first day was almost a disaster. The usual apprentice is a 13-year-old. Here was Hyde, the only American apprentice in the country, 25 years old, burly and almost six feet tall. When he appeared in the kitchen dressed in white, the dozen cooks stopped working to stare in amazement. With an atrocious accent, Hyde introduced himself. "*Bonjour!*" he exclaimed. "*Je m'appelle Joe!*" Several of the cooks almost swooned. "I was the grossest thing that had ever happened to French cooking," Hyde says. "They had never seen anyone like me before. And the name Joe. They flipped out over it. It sounds like a peasant's name. Even today French chefs who have known me for years recoil at the mention of it. They always call me Joe-ceph!"

Given this appalling debut, Hyde was assigned the lowest job in the scullery, plucking larks beneath a splashing drainboard. Eventually, because of his age, the first cooks allowed Hyde to eat with them, and he acquired a taste for fried tripe, pig heads and coq au vin made with just the peeled chicken gizzards.

Hyde next became an assistant poissonier, or fish cook, at the Pyramide in Vienne. At the time it was regarded by many as the best restaurant in the world. While there, Hyde, a follower of the turf, won \$1,000 in the *tiercé*, a form of French off-track betting. According to one local custom, a winner is supposed to spend it all on one spree. Hyde invited nearly two dozen friends, including the man who had sold him the ticket, to dine at the famed Pont de Collonges. "It was a fantastic, endless meal," he recalls. "I ate two pheasants. We had a meringue and ice cream dessert that was four feet tall. Each tier was covered with spun sugar and illuminated with a little light inside. We drank the finest of champagne—it didn't have anything written on it except dust."

After two years in France, Hyde returned to the U.S. to become chef at the Jupiter Island Golf Club in Hobe Sound, Fla. One of his triumphs there was a chicken poached inside a pig's bladder, which he prepared for Sir Os-

continued

best Sitwell and Marshall Field. Hyde had brought a supply of pig bladders back from France. When he tried to import some more on a later trip, U.S. Customs seized them, and ever since he has had to make do with ones gotten from local slaughterhouses. Once while he was cooking at Chalet Frascati in Santa Monica, Calif., he procured some bladders, cleaned them, blew them up through a stick of macaroni and set them out to dry on a clothesline. One of them got away and sailed over the fence like an expiring balloon. Hyde's wife, Gail, ran next door, shouting to the neighbors, "Excuse me, but one of my husband's bladders just landed in your yard."

Hyde spent a summer as head chef at the Misquamicut Club in Watch Hill, R.I., but then quit to work once again as an assistant because "I felt I had to learn a great deal more." Cole Porter wrote a letter of introduction to Le Pavillon in Manhattan, but Hyde says, "It was the wrong way to come in. I should have entered through the cellar." He was shunted off to the Waldorf in 1956 as assistant sauce cook and afterward spent a year at the Brussels. A little while later had decided to teach cooking at UCLA. When his mother's home in Sreden's Landing fell vacant, he returned East to teach in the family mansion known as The Old Library because it had served as one in the 19th century. Built in 1685, the house was also celebrated as a meeting place of George Washington and Lafayette. Although Washington had never slept there, he had eaten there. Hyde's classes were held in the enormous kitchen with its original fireplace.

In a roundup of cooking schools, *The New York Times* went beyond the city line to include Hyde's because his classes had "too much merit." Similarly another Manhattan food expert wrote, "It is not my custom to concern myself with matters beyond the limits of my own borough, but I have an excuse in this case—that I would go a lot farther afield than Rockland County to find a teacher with Mr. Hyde's combined gifts for cooking and teaching."

In 1966 Hyde gave up his classes to cater full time and shifted his kitchen from The Old Library to a sort of miniature palace nearby built by his uncle, Eric Gugler, an architect and designer of the executive offices in the West Wing

A MASTER'S BRACE

WILD DUCK

- 3 or 4 wild ducks for 6 persons (four ducks offer a second helping)
- 2 medium-sized onions cut in eighths
- 1 onion chopped fine
- 1 stalk celery roughly cut
- 1 carrot roughly cut
- 2 cloves garlic halved but unpeeled
- 1 lbs. peppercorns
- 8 juniper berries
- 1 cup white wine
- 1 quart water, salted to taste
- 1 stick butter
- 1 bunch watercress

Pluck ducks. Cut necks flesh with bodies of birds. Split and clean gizzards. Fry gizzards and necks with livers in one-half stick of butter over medium high heat in a large cast-iron skillet. When brown, add cut-up onions, celery and carrot, garlic, peppercorns and juniper berries. When all are tinged with brown, remove to saucepan, add white wine and water and let simmer for two hours. Strain off resulting juice and boil down to one-half cup liquid. Refrigerate. (You can do all this the day before the dinner.)

On day of dinner preheat oven to 500°. Salt and pepper ducks. smear with one-half stick of soft butter. Place in oven broast down on top shelf and roast for 25 minutes. This will cause some smoke. Don't worry. Remove ducks, sprinkle with chopped onion, and perhaps a handful of pine needles or several branches of rosemary. Return to 350° oven for 10 minutes.

Remove ducks. Make an incision between second joint and breast and rip off the legs. Make another cut at top of wishbone and on both sides of the backbones and strip breasts from carcasses. Place breasts skin down on platter and put to one side.

Place legs in a duck press or orange juice squeezer. If neither is available, simply squeeze the blood from meat with hands, and set aside.

Place the carcasses in a roasting pan. Pour one-half cup of the cooked juices over them. Put in oven and let simmer. Remove from heat and pass the juice through a sieve. Simmer again.

Place dinner plates and platter of breasts in the oven at 100° for three minutes. (Plates should be warm when served, not hot.) Garnish breasts with watercress. Just before serving, remove juices from heat, whisk in blood and pour over duck breasts.

VENISON STEAK AU POIVRE

- 6 1½-inch-thick venison steaks cut from haunch
- 3 lbs. peppercorns
- ¾ stick butter
- 1½ lbs. finely chopped shallots

Put peppercorns on chopping block or cutting board. Using heel of heavy pot or round stone, crack corns. Do not grind. Distribute peppercorns on both sides of steaks and press in with palm of your hand. Heat 12-inch cast-iron skillet and put in 1 lbs. butter. Let butter brown and begin to smoke over high heat. Put in steaks. Brown three minutes to a side. Remove steaks, wipe out pan and put in remaining butter over medium high heat. When butter is brown, add shallots and remove from fire. Stir briskly and pour shallot-butter sauce over steaks. Serves six.

If steaks are frozen, do not thaw completely before cooking; too much juice will run. One of the important principles of game cooking is preservation of all juices. Do not presalt steaks. Salt draws juice from the meat. Let your guests salt their own venison at table.

of the White House. There amid historic frescoes, triumphant arches and heroic busts, Hyde turns out smoked bluefish, stuffed eggs, poached salmon, orange mousse and other dishes that can be prepared prior to a dinner party. Hyde is thus well prepared when he arrives at a client's house with his staff of six, headed by Selma Andersen, a brisk Swedish woman who superintends the table setting while the chef himself prepares the canapés, heats the oven for the saddles of lamb, sautés endives air-expressed from Belgium and chops shallots. Hyde never goes anywhere without shallots. Just in case he might find them unavailable, he keeps a supply in the glove compartment of his truck. "And I always

have kosher salt with me," he says. "I just love the feel of it."

Hyde has cooked and catered in all sorts of places. At a manufacturing plant, he asked to use a forklift truck to serve the appetizers. When the Broadway musical *Camelot* opened, he did the party for lyricist Alan Jay Lerner. He has catered parties for the Josh Logans, including one in honor of Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones. Jones was so pleased that he shook the hand of one of Hyde's assistants under the impression that he was Hyde. "Another first for Chef Joe Hyde," says Hyde, who sometimes refers to himself in the third person when things go awry.

Occasionally Hyde falls out with a cli-

continued



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♦ Gary Morris, co-captain of the Union College football team in Schenectady, N.Y., surrenders gracefully, even happily, as three girl trainers take over one more male prerogative. That's Heidi Steger on the right foot, Julie Thelen on left and Katherine Kelley on scissors. The ladies are manning the training room of the Union College athletic department.

Farther south, at Louisiana State, *Chacine* (Cheri) Durgay, the new sports editor of LSU's *Daily Renegade*, checks football data with Coach Charlie McClendon. The locker room door is still closed to her, though. "I catch 'em on the way out," says Cheri.

The Philadelphia Flyers haven't exactly been anybody's favorite hockey team this year, so they were pleased when an attractive lady who called herself only "Mrs. Black" showed up on their flight to Los Angeles recently and seemed to know a lot about them and the game. No wonder. Mrs. Black turned out to be ex-movie moppet Shirley Temple Black, now a U.S. delegate to the U.N., and she said she had once been the mascot of the Los Angeles Blades. "They had a bowlegged goalie," she told the Flyers, which broke them all up because their per-

sonnel director, Marcel Pelletier, was once a goalie for the Blades. And yes, he confessed, a few pucks did get through. . .

Dr. Stanley Livingstone, who is no relation to either Sir Henry M. Stanley or Dr. David Livingstone of darkest Africa fame, will help dedicate a monument in Tanganyika this week to the famed medical missionary and the journalist who "found" him 100 years ago. The latest Dr. Livingstone is a mite perturbed, however, by the lack of interest evinced in the ceremony so far. Boredom, we presume.

After 12 years Sheila Scott has finally passed her driving test. Miss Scott, the first woman solo flier to cross the North Pole, kept flunking because, she says, her flying had scrambled her instincts. It seems that whenever she encountered an obstacle while driving, she tried to haul back on the steering column and fly over it. All of which goes to prove that if at first you don't succeed. . .

... fly, fly again Bert Hill, the director of student activities at Springfield (Mass.) College, had this great idea to enliven the game against American International College. He hired five sky divers to drop in at halftime trail-

ing burning flares. Unfortunately, their pilot misread the map and dropped them at Springfield's Trade High School, where their arrival during a contest there had an even more enlivening effect. Undaunted, the quintet took off again, found the right field and landed on target—just as the crowd was filing out after AIC's 21-20 victory.

Would you buy a used Heisman Trophy from this man? Football fan Richard Nixon had Governor Dale Bumpers of Arkansas in for a visit to the White House recently and told him that the Razorback quarterback, Joe Ferguson, "looks like a Heisman Trophy winner." On his return to Little Rock, Bumpers told newsmen, "It seems to me he said the same thing to Governor David Hall of Oklahoma about Greg Pruitt." Governor Rockefeller better get down to Washington quick if he wants a White House boost for Cornell's Ed Marinaro.

Among the ingredients that went into the victory barrage for Jockey R. J. (Bobby) Martin at Laurel Race Course last week after he rode his first winner in 14 years were mustard, catsup and even Tabasco sauce. "Just about everybody bit me with something," said Martin, 42, whose

long dry spell stemmed from the fact that he had retired in 1957 and returned to the saddle only last September. Since then, he had been up on 28 mounts without a victory until he booted home a 3-to-1 shot named Soda Pop. Which was another one of the things his fellow jockeys hit him with afterward.

Oral Roberts University is now in its seventh year of academia and basketball, and its president-founder, the Rev. Oral Roberts, predicts that by 1975 his Christian eagles, who have an overall 97-34 record, will win the national championship. But they will have to win it clean. "If our boys fight on the floor or anything like that, I'll go right down there and stop it." Kind of like trying on the hands, eh, Reverend?

At Montego Bay in Jamaica, moustachious Rosay Greer, former dismantler of pro quarterbacks, is playing a skin-diving role in a film called *Jamaica Reef*. Only trouble was, they didn't want to risk Rosay's 6' 5", 350-pound frame in the deep diving scenes, and so they started a . . . uh, talent search for a stand-in, turning up a 6' 6" farmer who weighed 356. All well and good, but when the two of them get in the water together, said one publicity report, "the tides tend to rise a little."

According to London's *Daily Mail*, naturalist Peter Scott has just finished what he hopes will be the world's first waterproof book. It is called *The Fish-Watcher's Guide to Caribbean Reef-Fishes* and will be printed on special polyethylene paper so that snorkelers and fish fanciers can read it underwater to help identify species gliding by. We can see it now. Along comes this big fellow with the ugly snout and all those murderous teeth. Quick, the index. . .

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Somebody is going to be the turkey

Nebraska crushed Colorado, thus setting the table for a picnic on Thanksgiving Day with Oklahoma

A Colorado man sat in the cold, the wind, the rain and the gloom of Lincoln, Neb. last week and pondered whether he would rather die slowly of strangulation or have a dagger plunged into his stomach. These are the alternatives, said Colorado's assistant athletic director, Fred Casotti, if a football team has to choose between Nebraska and Oklahoma as an opponent. "They both kill you with a lot of pain," Casotti said. "It just depends on which kind of pain you prefer—fast or slow."

When the bruising, efficient Cornhuskers had finally finished destroying Colorado by 31-7, Casotti stood up from his seat and said, "Well, now I've got to go back to Boulder and get ready to answer seven thousand questions about Nebraska and Oklahoma and who we think is the better. I still don't know. But I hope the Nebraska defense doesn't line up on the runway at the airport in front of our DC-9. We'll never get home."

After these weeks of the 1971 season, Colorado, a common opponent, presented the first opportunity to compare Nebraska, voted the nation's No. 1 team, and Oklahoma, No. 2. Colorado had lost to OU 45-17, and Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney admitted before last week's contest that this would be the Cornhuskers' first "emotional" game.

Wandering around Lincoln on Thursday night with a couple of journalists, and while stopping in at a couple of saloons to visit with friends, the easygoing

Devaney said, "I just hope we can get down to that game with Oklahoma on Thanksgiving in good shape. It ought to be something worth seeing. But I'm worried about Colorado. We don't know how good we are."

If he really didn't know it already, Devaney found out two days later that his 1971 team was probably the best he has had, among a lot of good ones. Nebraska simply manhandled Colorado in its usual physical way with perhaps a little more spirit and enthusiasm than the big sod busters normally display.

There had been a warning that something like this might happen on Friday as the Nebraska players moved out of the wind and drizzle into the dining quarters for their lunch of cold cuts and salad. Huge brooding types with relatively short hair who like to wear their letter jackets, the Cornhuskers, hidden out there on the plain where the wind blows from Laramie to Lincoln—untouched—sort of bristled at the mention of Colorado. And then Oklahoma, in that order.

"Colorado took some cheap shots last year," said Dick Rupert, a fine guard. "We kind of remember that."

Larry Jacobson, who might be an All-America defensive tackle despite his boy-

ish grin and horned-rimmed glasses, said, "Naturally, we think about Oklahoma now and then. But there's no doubt in our minds that we'll beat them. There just isn't."

Quarterback Jerry Tagge talked about Nebraska's nonstar system and how it does not bother anybody, especially him, the prime mover of the team.

"It's almost become a tradition under Coach Devaney that we don't have any stars on the team," smiled Tagge. "We just have a lot of good football players who concentrate and carry out their assignments."

Tagge said, "It's funny. We don't all pal around with each other much. We have married guys and fraternity guys and we live all over town. My roommate isn't on the team. We see each other mostly at practice and then we go off to do other things. I think our success can be attributed to the fact that we just have a lot of good players and good coaches and great fans."

"You know, as a kid you dream about playing on a national championship team. Now here we are, this bunch of clowns you see around the room."

The Colorado game was never actually close because Nebraska did what it does best—make the enemy look bad.

continued



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The defense provided a couple of fumbles at Colorado's 16 and 25, and these errors were turned into touchdowns. And the offense proved it could run and throw with a marvelous balance on two beautiful drives in the first half of 65 and 75 yards, which put the game out of Colorado's reach.

Unlike Oklahoma, which stays exclusively with the Wishbone T, Nebraska shows the opponent a variety of offensive sets out of Devaney's I formation. Tagge, who has finally shaken Van Brownson as a compatriot quarterback and clearly has held the job all season, calls most of the plays himself, and expertly.

Against Colorado he seemed always to know what would work, whether it was running his I-back, Jeff Kinney, over Rupert's left guard spot, or throwing to his ends and backs when least expected.

"The thing about Jerry," said Rupert, "is that he listens to you. He trusts you in the huddle to tell what might work. If I give him a nod, he knows I'm handling my guy and he can run there."

Tagge's leadership and certainly his passing arm are very much the key to Nebraska's success. He hit 10 of 17 for 144 yards and a touchdown on Colorado, and he had at least three perfect tosses dropped by usually dependable receivers such as the swift Johnny Rodgers and Jeff Kinney. His percentage is way up there—.615—and he has thrown only two interceptions in eight games. No other quarterback who has averaged 10 completions or more a game can match these figures.

"We think our balance is just as impressive as Oklahoma's rushing," said Jacobson, the tackle. "They might gain 700 yards but they give up 500. We don't give up much, and I think our offense might be able to keep the football on them. I hope it can, anyhow."

Statistically, it will surely seem as if blazing Oklahoma has won the first comparison of the two top teams now that Nebraska has also whipped Colorado. Against a Colorado team that was in far better health than it was against the Cornhuskers, the Sooners outcomputerized Nebraska in every department, despite losing five fumbles.

Oklahoma rushed for 498 yards on Colorado while Nebraska rushed for only 180. And even though Tagge passed for 144 yards, Oklahoma's Jack Mildren

chose that day a few weeks ago to hit three of four passes for 152 yards and two touchdowns.

"But this is misleading," Fred Casotti pointed out. "Nebraska had better field position because of its defense. It did what it had to do to win just as easily, like Devaney teams always do. And Nebraska sure bruised us more."

The Colorado players, for their part, felt that Nebraska was a slightly better team than Oklahoma, simply on its balanced offense and superior defense. Colorado Coach Eddie Crowder, naturally, wouldn't say which he liked better.

Casotti came close, however. "Nebraska is a lot more physical than Oklahoma. When they play on Thanksgiving Day, I figure Nebraska will dominate the game for 53 minutes. I don't know which 53, but for most of the day. But for those other seven minutes Oklahoma might score six touchdowns without Nebraska even touching them. But is six touchdowns enough? Who knows?"

Both Nebraska and Oklahoma have two more Big Eight games before they get down to each other in what will certainly be a thrilling day in the history of Norman, Oklahoma, and maybe even the rest of the football-conscious country.

Nebraska has to play Iowa State and Kansas State, and Oklahoma must face Missouri and Kansas. None of these teams figures to do anything more than help the speedy Sooners and the growling Cornhuskers improve on their statistics.

Last week Devaney brought up an item or two about the Oklahoma game that should give all those red-clad Cornhuskers a reason for some serious worry, even though the whole state is pointed red and No. 1 signs are practically in the wash basins.

"People forget that we played a heck of a game last year," Devaney said. "It was 28-21 here in Lincoln, and they didn't know that Wishbone near as well as they do now. Also we didn't see much of Greg Pruitt. Now we have to go to Norman and they'll have all the folks in the stadium. I know they're better than last year. That's obvious. But I think we are, too. That's our hope."

So they move on. And the anticipation continues. And if an injury beforehand to some key player—Tagge or Mildren, Rodgers or Pruitt, for example—doesn't

spoil things, Nebraska and Oklahoma on Nov. 25 may collide in that most classic of football duels: speed versus power, big plays versus ball control.

Football brains say speed usually wins. But they say defense usually wins as well. Oh, well. Ho hum. Another game of the decade, folks.

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

MIDWEST

1. OKLAHOMA (7-0)
2. NEBRASKA (8-0)
3. MICHIGAN (8-0)

Iowa State tackled an official (he was sidelined for 10 minutes) better than it did the Oklahoma ballcarriers, so the Sooners enjoyed another romp 43-12. Quarterback Jack Mildren broke Halfback Greg Pruitt's week-old school offense record by rushing and passing for 323 yards, good for four touchdowns. Said Pruitt, "I'll get it back." He was pretty much stymied by the Cyclone defense, however, which put as many as 10 men on the line. Pruitt's 159 yards in 24 carries was nothing to be embarrassed about but was well below his per-game (185.5) and per-carry (12) averages. Mildren's most spectacular performance this season occurred with perhaps bigger things on his mind; he announced after the game a Jan. 14 wedding date. In other Big Eight games Oklahoma State defeated Kansas 17-10 and Missouri took Kansas State's place in the cellar, losing to the Wildcats 28-12.

Michigan and Ohio State remained unbeaten in the Big Ten, but there was no doubt about which of the two powerhouses was the more impressive. The Wolverines swamped Indiana 68-7, while the Buckeyes squeaked by Minnesota 14-12. The Gophers actually had a chance to tie the game in the last minute after Quarterback Craig Curry capped an 89-yard touchdown drive with a two-yard rollout. He tried the same play for the two-point conversion but was tackled inches short. "We were confident he'd try it again," said Ohio State Defensive Coordinator George Hill. "Lucky for us we were there to stop it."

The Buckeyes were lucky, too, that Minnesota declined to receive the second-half kickoff. Leading 6-0, Coach Murray Warmath figured his Gophers could continue to contain Ohio State as well as they had

continued



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in the first half, and elected to kick off instead. The Buckeyes then ground out 80 yards in nearly eight minutes to score and move ahead 7-6. "I was surprised when he decided to kick to us," said Woody Hayes, "but that was a good old-fashioned Ohio State drive."

It was more like an avalanche at Ann Arbor. Michigan rolled up 489 yards on Indiana, all but 37 rushing. Billy Taylor gained 172 yards and scored two touchdowns on only 11 carries. For the Wolverines it was the kind of day when Taylor could fumble deep in Indiana territory, only to have Quarterback Tom Slade pick the ball up and run 13 yards into the end zone.

Eric Allen set an NCAA single-game rushing record with 350 yards in 29 carries as Michigan State routed Purdue 43-10. The Spartans turned four Boilermaker fumbles and one interception into four touchdowns and a field goal.

Winless Iowa's 20-16 upset of Wisconsin was such a surprise that even Jeanne Dixon, the famous seer, missed predicting it. On a recent visit to Des Moines she was asked when the hapless Hawkeyes would win again. "No vibrations," said Mrs. Dixon. There were lots of vibrations in the last minute of play, however, as a pass interference call gave Iowa the ball at the five and an offense penalty moved it to the 26½. From there Steve Penney scored the winning touchdown. The Hawkeyes even won without injured running star Levi Mitchell; his replacement, Craig Johnson, gained 102 yards.

New Coach Bob Blackman, so successful at Dartmouth in previous years, seems to have turned Illinois around. After six losses, the Illini won their second straight, defeating Northwestern 24-7.

Notre Dame, which used to roll up the score after a loss, could only zap Navy 21-0

per's Cloyce Hinton that provided the margin which all but knocked the defending SEC champions out of contention.

In this corner was Auburn's Pat Sullivan, and in that corner was Florida's John Reeves, the No. 3 and No. 4 passers in the country. An aerial circus in store, no doubt? Well, yes and no. Auburn Coach Stagg Jordan had a different idea. "We have picked up the reputation of a passing team," he said.

"But we really like to run the ball." So the first two times the Tigers had the ball, they crunched out scoring drives of 97 and 54 yards without completing a pass. Sullivan ran for both touchdowns, but with a slim halftime lead of 12-7 Jordan decided to pass more often. Sullivan ended up with 15 completions in 30 attempts for 241 yards and two more TDs in a 40-7 romp. Reeves, meanwhile, completed 18 of 37 for 185 yards and one score. With so much early running, Auburn had two backs with more than 100 yards rushing—Terry Henley with 139 and Tommy Lowmy with 101.

Bear Bryant spoke glowingly of Mississippi State after Alabama posted a 41-10 victory. "I'm thankful to get out alive," he said, noting the score was 17-10 entering the final period. "They just lined up across there and whipped us." Bryant said injuries had kept the team from scrimmaging during the last two weeks. "It makes a big difference when you've been leaning against dummies and then have to play against men on Saturday."

Georgia, which has not played a close game all year, defeated South Carolina 24-0. It was the third straight shutout by the Bulldogs and the fourth in six games. The Gamecock running attack lost 23 yards, but Quarterback Glenn Morris probed the questionable Georgia secondary for 175 yards. Quarterback James Ray, a starter last season for Georgia, had lost his job to sophomore Andy Johnson in pre-season practice. But Johnson went out with a bruised thigh on the third series of the game, and Ray rushed for 151 yards and scored twice, once on an 84-yard run.

Tennessee Coach Bill Battle also found success by going to the bench for a new quarterback. Jim Maxwell, a fourth-stringer making his first start, guided the heretofore sputtering Vol offense to a 38-3 rout of Tulsa.

Surprising Clemson remained unbeaten in the Atlantic Coast Conference with a 10-9 victory over Wake Forest as Eddie Seigler booted a 30-yard field goal with 37 seconds left. North Carolina, the ACC favorite, had a tough time with William & Mary, the best team in the Southern Conference, but eventually won 36-35. The two teams exchanged touchdowns all afternoon, the Tar Heels moving the ball on the ground and the Indians through the air. Quarterback Phil Miller, who scored twice and passed for another TD, finally won the game with a two-point conversion toss to Lewis Jolley.

Georgia Tech evened its record at 4-4 with its second straight win, shutting out Duke 21-0. In a Friday night game, Army led Miami 13-3, then the Hurricane blew past the Cadets 24-13. Army had roared to its brief 10-point margin seconds before a 99-yard kickoff return for a touchdown by Miami's Tom Sullivan.

SOUTHWEST

1. HOUSTON (5-2)
2. ARKANSAS (5-2)
3. TEXAS (5-2)

It was halftime when the Texas Christian football team officially learned that Coach Jim Peitman's first-quarter heart attack had been fatal. Grief-stricken, it returned to the field, fell behind 27-20 and then charged back with two touchdowns to defeat Baylor 34-27. Quarterback Steve Judy, who ran and passed for four scores, said, "The game itself is not that important, except that we won for him." The death of the first-year coach and his team's comeback victory overshadowed Baylor's best offensive display of the season. The loss was the Bears' 24th in 27 games under Coach Bill Beall.

Texas A&M shut off the Arkansas ground game and turned three Razorback errors into points in a shocking 17-9 upset. "We played conservatively, we whipped them physically," said A&M Coach Gene Stallings. "We never shut them down, we just tried not to give them the easy score." Arkansas Quarterback Joe Ferguson completed 31 of 51 passes for 345 yards, but the Razorback runners were stopped cold—50 yards in 32 carries. Mark Green scored both Aggie touchdowns and gained 102 yards in 27 carries as A&M pounded away at the tackles and didn't make a single turnover.

Arkansas continues to have the best chance for the Cotton Bowl trip, but there are now four teams with only one Southwest Conference loss. Texas stayed in contention, but just barely, by staggering to a 22-18 win over SMU. The Longhorns' Wishbone had its poorest showing with only 124 yards rushing. Quarterback Donnie Wigington, who said he would rather throw the ball, anyway, accounted for 189 yards on 11 of 18 completions. SMU's unhappiness with the outcome was no worse than its dismay over a couple of referee decisions. Mustang Fullback Dennis Howell was ruled short of the goal line on a fourth-down plunge, but Texas Fullback Bobby Callison was given the TD on a similar close call. Callison's score was the difference in the game.

Texas Tech bumped along as one of the season's major disappointments by losing to Rice 9-7. The Owls' Mark Williams kicked

continued

SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (8-0)
2. AUBURN (7-0)
3. GEORGIA (8-0)

When the sun shines, take Mississippi and the points. Ole Miss has not lost to LSU in a daytime game since 1934, and the Rebels kept the streak intact with a 24-22 victory. Only a year ago, in a nationally televised night game, the Tigers romped 61-17. They almost upset tradition this year, scoring two touchdowns in the last two minutes and nine seconds after trailing 24-7. As the game ended, Andy Hamilton was struggling to get out of bounds after catching a pass that moved the Tigers to the Rebels' 42-yard line. But it was a 39-yard field goal by Missis-

three medium-range field goals, and the Raiders' record dropped to 3-5.

The rushing of Robert Newhouse and outstanding play by the defensive secondary lifted Houston to a 34-7 victory over Florida State. Newhouse gained 192 yards in 34 carries to top the 100-yard mark for the 11th time in his last 17 games (he had 99 yards in six others). His 16-yard scoring dash in the second quarter put the Cougars ahead to stay. The Houston defense frustrated Gary Huff, the nation's leading passer, with three interceptions around the goal line and by limiting his top receiver, Rhoit Dawson, to one catch.

WEST

1. ARIZONA STATE (6-1)
2. STANFORD (6-2)
3. WASHINGTON (6-2)

The offspring of one Arizona State hero and the kid brother of another propelled the Sun Devils to a 44-28 romp past Air Force. Sophomore Quarterback Ozny White, son of Wilford (Whizzer) White, had three TD passes among his 17 completions for 334 yards. Ben Malone, another sophomore and the brother of onetime Arizona State standout Art Malone, gained 192 yards in 22 carries and scored twice. The Sun Devils trailed at the half 15-10, but a four-touchdown burst in the third quarter broke the game open. In all, Arizona State had 585 yards total offense against a Falcon team that had not allowed more than 19 points in a game all season.

Line in the first half at Corvallis, Oregon State was leading Stanford 24-3, and the Beavers were driving from the Indian 37. The game turned completely around, however, when Quarterback Jim Kuhnmarin, a surprise starter, fumbled while attempting to pass. On the next play Stanford's Don Bance, who was in danger of being lifted by Coach John Rabson, escaped three rushing linemen and threw a 46-yard touchdown pass to John Winesberry. The Indians made defensive adjustments in the second half to stop the Beavers' brand new Wishbone-Veeer, but had still not caught up by the fourth quarter. Then Oregon State made it easy by fumbling twice more inside the 50, and the Indians stomped to a 31-24 win.

California was geared up for the long passes that USC tossed to upset Notre Dame the week before. Unhappily for the Bears, the Trojans threw short and won 28-0. Jimmy Jones accounted for three touchdowns, completing 13 of 17 passes for 144 yards and adding 38 yards rushing in seven carries.

Washington State kept alive its chance of winning the Pacific Eight title and going to the Rose Bowl by defeating Oregon 31-21 on a trick play. Midway through the fourth quarter, with the Cougars trailing 21-17, it was fourth and seven at the Oregon 46. Jim Odeh was in punt formation, but the snap went to Ken Grindberry, who handed the ball to Bernard Jackson, who just stood still while Grindberry faked another handoff. Finally Jackson took off around left end and raced 46 yards for the winning touchdown. "We worked on that one all week," said Coach Jim Sweeney after the game. "It's an old play and we planned to run it earlier, but I'm glad we didn't. We call it the 'momentum changer' and it certainly did that, didn't it?"

Jackson, in a duel with Oregon's Bobby Moore for league rushing honors, gained 261 yards in 21 carries and scored one other touchdown. Moore had 161 yards in 35 tries and also scored twice. All Washington State needs for a Rose Bowl trip is wins over USC, Oregon State and Washington. There is still a long trail awaiting.

UCLA was in a bind, so Split End Tom Scott made a hook instead of a bend and took off to catch a 50-yard TD pass from Sonny Siskiller that put away a 23-12 victory. Earlier Scott hauled in a 66-yard TD pass from Siskiller, who threw for 206 yards.

Bruin Coach Pepper Rodgers was not too unhappy with his team's defense, which forced Washington into five turnovers, but the offensive play left him cold. "Offense is no great problem if you're blocking," he said, "but we weren't." All of UCLA's points came from 5'10" Elfen Herrera, who kicked field goals from 29, 45, 45 and 43 yards out and missed three other long ones.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (7-0)
2. CORNELL (6-0)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (6-2)

Midway through the third quarter in Morgantown, Penn State and West Virginia, the top contenders for Eastern football's Lambert Trophy, were locked in a 7-7 tie. Then the Lions recovered a fumbled punt and the game turned into a rout, State winning 35-7. "God knows what might have happened if we don't get that fumble," said Coach Joe Paterno, "and I'm not sure we got it." Neither was West Virginia Coach Bobby Bowden, whose offense was minus a pair of backs with more than 1,400 yards to their credit. The Mountaineer defense, meanwhile, lost four starters before the game reached the fourth quarter. Despite a slow start, Lam Quarterback John Hufnagel com-

pleted 11 of 14 passes for two touchdowns, and Halfback Lydell Mitchell gained 128 yards on 24 carries and scored twice.

Ed Marinano set an NCAA career rushing record and became the first major-college player to top 4,000 yards as Cornell edged Columbia 24-21. Marinano, who gained 272 yards and scored two touchdowns, broke Steve Owens' mark of 3,867 on his second carry. The record came on the 750th carry of his 24th game, while Owens did it with 905 attempts in 30 games. It took a 37-yard field goal by John Kilian in the final quarter to beat Columbia, however. The Lions' record dropped to 3-3, with all its games decided by three points or less.

A late field goal also kept Dartmouth even with Cornell in the Ivy League race. Ted Perry kicked a 40-yarder with 59 seconds remaining—his second last-minute winning field goal in two weeks—to defeat Yale 17-15. In other Ivy League games, Princeton walloped Brown 49-21 and Penn missed a two-point conversion attempt in the final three minutes to fall short of Harvard 28-27. The Quakers' Don Cluse caught eight passes, three of them for touchdowns, and totaled a league record 284 yards.

Pittsburgh scored an upset 31-21 victory over Syracuse by outscoring the Orangemen 17-0 in the final quarter. Delaware, previously unbeaten and the nation's top college division team, was stunned by Temple 32-27. The Owls practiced for the game in Valley Forge, Pa. because a strike of maintenance workers had turned Temple's campus into a "pigsty," according to Coach Wayne Hardin. "Some of my boys had gone live or six days without a decent meal and five or six days without enough sleep," said Hardin. "What with fire drills going on all hours of the night [caused by strike sympathizers pulling false alarms in dormitories] it was an impossible situation." Halfback Paul Loughran, whose weight had fallen from 198 to 175 pounds during the strike, scored the winning touchdown in the fourth quarter on a 71-yard punt return.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK. Michigan State Halfback Eric Allen added three yards to the NCAA single-game rushing record of 347 set in 1968 by Michigan's Ron Johnson. He also scored four touchdowns on runs of 24, 39, 30 and 23 yards.

THE LINEMAN. Flanker Mike Sam caught 12 passes for 288 yards and five touchdowns in Villanova's victory over Xavier. His spree broke four Wildcat records and gave him school career marks for TDs (29) and points (178).



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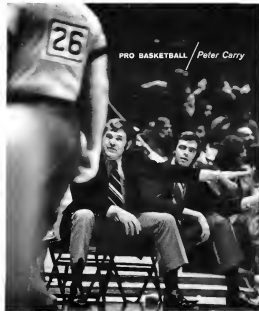
Ray Herrin is a retired president. "I only drive about 20,000 miles a year, now," he says. "A lot of it catching up on all the hunting and fishing I've missed!"

His car is a 1969 Cadillac. "I decided I might as well do it in style," he says. "As for spark plugs: I use what my mechanic tells me. And he tells me Champions."



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Playing the comedy circuit

Minsky would have loved the NBA Central, that traveling road show starring four fanciful teams and the last of the laughing coaches

Late in the opening period of their game last week at Cleveland, the Atlanta Hawks ran the trusty old Laurel and Hardy play to perfection. At midcourt, playing Stan (seen for the first time anywhere without his hat), was devil-may-care Don May. Looming nearby was large, lovable Ollie—in the guise of large, lovable Walt Bellamy. Suddenly, little Cavalier Guard Bobby Washington bolted between them in reckless pursuit of a pass. As the ball fell, Washington snatched it and continued unmolested downcourt. In the finest tradition of the old screen, Stan and Ollie boldly lurched into the space left by Washington's hasty departure—and crashed head on. As Ollie reeled one way, Stan flew off in the other, landing in a supine position, from which he had a fine view of Washington scoring an easy layup.

Pure slapstick, indeed, but merely routine since the season began on that great

vaudeville circuit called the NBA Central Division. Like the reclining Don May, the Central teams have all flopped on their backsides and left the rest of the league laughing.

The biggest yuk came two weeks into the schedule when the Cavaliers, previously celebrated as the Five Stooges, actually occupied first place for three heady days. The Cavs staggered all the way to the top on the basis of their inept playing during a 111-93 loss to Philadelphia. The defeat gave them a 2-5 record and a .286 percentage—.036 points above then second-place Cincinnati. And it proved that in the Central Division it barely makes a difference if a team loses. After all, the other clubs have shown they can find ways to play worse and lose more.

One of the division's general managers has even described the race as a Polish beauty contest, a bad rap which is apt

POINTING THE RIGHT WAY, while the game goes the wrong way, Fitch shows frustration.

to evoke righteous protests from those Baltic blondes. One might even turn some of that worn ethnic humor into Central Division jokes. Question: Tell me, why can't a Cincinnati Royal commit suicide? Answer: Because you can't kill yourself jumping out a basement window.

All four of the division's coaches are about ready to jump, but from a higher station. Each has a star player—or players—out of action. Cincy's talented rookie forward, Ken Durrett, went through knee surgery two weeks ago, and Atlanta's Pete Maravich has been sidelined with mononucleosis since the season opened. Pistol Pete's weight fell from 205 to 179 pounds during his illness, and he has been slow to regain it. After reaching 189 last week he was allowed to resume half-court workouts, but is not scheduled to appear in a game before Nov. 17.

The Hawks, preseason favorites in the division, lost their first four games before finally showing signs of adjusting to Maravich's absence. They won three of their five most recent games and tied with Baltimore for first place with an astronomical .333 percentage.

Austin Carr was supposed to be the hottest thing to hit Cleveland since the oily Cuyahoga River—believed to be the only body of U.S. water listed as a fire hazard. Instead, the rookie guard has been busy breaking metatarsal bones; he broke the one in his left foot twice as a Notre Dame sophomore and has fractured the right metatarsal twice since signing with the Cavaliers last spring. He too worked out last week, but is not likely to make his pro debut until late this month.

Carr's fractures were merely two more unfortunate breaks for the Cleveland franchise, which has been on a bad trip ever since joining the NBA a year ago. Last season was a voyage to oblivion; the team lost its first 15 games and finished with a 15-67 record. Its only award went to Coach Bill Fitch, the NBA's most valuable stand-up comic. Fitch has

continued

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tried to subdue his wit this year, but now that everybody seems to be after the Cavs—including the transportation industry—he finds it hard to keep a straight face.

"We've even had engines conk out on planes," Fitch says. "We were flying in a two-engine job a week or so ago and my assistant tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'I hate to say this, but the one on my side's not working.' They got out the fire trucks and everything at the airport, but we made it in. It gives you a great feeling when the guy driving the ambulance snaps his fingers and complains, 'Damn, we messed another one.'"

A few days later, after another loss to the 76ers ended Cleveland's brief stay in first place, word filtered back to the dressing room at Philadelphia's Spectrum that the Cavalier bus would not start. Fitch went out to take a look and found the driver emptying a beer bottle into what appeared to be the gas tank. "That's the first one I've ever seen that runs on Budweiser," Fitch said. It turned out that the driver was attempting to fill the empty cooling system with water from a seven-ounce Falstaff bottle. It took a long, long time. Then, after the job was completed, the vehicle still would not start. There was a long wait, another bus arrived, the team piled on and the transmission froze. Standing in a fine cold mist watching for long overdue cabs to arrive, Fitch's frustrations finally took hold. "This bus won't start, that bus won't start. When the hell is it gonna end? *Where?*" he asked.

Well, at least Fitch knows he is not alone. Gene Shue coached the Bullets into the NBA finals last year, but now that seems like a long time ago. "I saw Gene this morning," reported Fitch. "He looks like I did last year. He's got that same glazy stare, and a little old lady was helping him across the airport waiting room." Still, Shue can walk under his own power, which is more than can be said for some of the Bullets. Wes Unseld is playing, but clearly hobbled by the aftereffects of a knee operation. Gus Johnson has yet to suit up, slowly recovering from surgery on both knees during the off season. Ex-Bullet (now 76er) Fred Carter was asked last week when he thought Gus would be ready to play again. "Ready to play what?" he asked. "The harp?"

Still, Johnson may be back in uni-

form sometime this month; Earl Monroe, on the other hand, has played his last game for Baltimore. The Pearl has long been openly disenchanted with both the city and the Bullet management, and was conspicuously absent in several preseason games. To protect themselves, the Bullets traded Carter and Kevin Loughery to Philadelphia for All-Star Guard Archie Clark. Individualists who both need control of the ball to be effective, Clark and Monroe would have been an odd couple in the same backcourt. This was one problem the Bullets never had to solve. Just hours before the players were supposed to make their debut together, their lawyers called Baltimore Vice-President Jerry Sachs and announced their clients would not play that night. Clark claims it was not a joint power move; Sachs simply calls it "a fantastic coincidence."

Clark, who apparently wants his present \$125,000-a-year contract extended, capitulated after missing two games. He fired his lawyer and issued a public apology to Bullet fans at the insistence of the Baltimore management. Meanwhile, Monroe has been seen watching basketball games in New York and Philadelphia and walking his dog, Mugsy, in the streets of Baltimore. The Bullets say they are attempting to trade him. So far, there are no takers. It is likely that Monroe has stipulated that he will shift only to the league's bigger cities, New York, Los Angeles or Chicago. And Baltimore, according to general managers of other teams, probably overestimates the value of its star, whose shaky knees, \$100,000 salary and recent recalcitrance make him unattractive to prospective bidders.

"They can't give Earl away," says Fitch, who also doubles as Cleveland's director of player personnel. "If they asked me to come up with a ball boy for Monroe, I'd say, 'Hell, no!'" Since Austin Carr is the only Cavalier that Baltimore is rumored to want, that leaves a wide negotiating gap. Similar assessments of Monroe's low trade value have been expressed in other NBA cities, and a prompt deal for The Pearl seems unlikely if the Bullets stick to their guns. Baltimore claims it will not throw him away for second-line players as Cincinnati did Jerry Lucas and Oscar Robertson two seasons ago.

Shue claims Monroe's departure has not affected Bullet morale—but the team

has suffered four of its six losses by 20 points or more. There also has been open disagreement in the locker room over The Pearl's case. Conservative Jack Marin has openly defended management, urging the front office to be tougher than it has been on Monroe. "I don't ever know when there has been a case of a player not siding with another player in a situation like this," Marin says. "The club ought to tell him to get a job somewhere—sweeping streets or something. Management will only hurt itself in this predicament by patronizing him. If management doesn't take a firm position to protect me and the rest of the players on the team, then it's not showing any loyalty."

Most of Monroe's other teammates have supported him, however. "What if Earl was playing in New York?" one asked. "Do you realize how much money he'd be making? A lot. I don't mean his salary; I'm speaking of endorsements." Ironically, Sachs claims he received an offer for Monroe to do a commercial on the morning he jumped the team.

With the Bullets in obvious turmoil and Cincinnati off to a slow start even by Central Division standards, Atlanta came to battle for first place in Cleveland, where 3,442 fans thought it a grand enough event to bother showing up. The Cavaliers—surprisingly the division's most consistent team with two of their losses coming in overtime—fell 12 points behind in the early minutes. But the Laurel and Hardy play set off a Cleveland rally that occurred with an unlikely second unit including Washington, Steve Patterson, John Warren and Luther Rackley on the floor. After that, there were several Marx Brothers, a few Abbott and Costello and a Homer and Jethro or two mixed in with the pack and rolls and fast breaks.

It remained for the timekeeper to pull off the final joke, a dirty one for his Cleveland employers. The Cavaliers lost 98-97 when four points were scored in the last second. Two of them came on Dave Sorenson's tip-in, which apparently returned Cleveland to first place. The final two scored on a desperate, swishing, 35-foot jump shot by May. "I want that timer at all my games," Hawk Coach Richie Guerin said afterward. He knows that in the Central Division the teams need all the help they can get.

END

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There's no place like foam

Animal fur is fine for keeping winter campers—and animals—warm, but now science has produced something more ecologically suitable

The young woman being trussed up at left is proving a scientific point. She is about to spend a night outdoors in the snow—no comforting tent overhead, no campfire or nearby cabin. In fact, her sleeping bag will probably freeze to the snow in the high-altitude, sub-zero temperatures of Taos, N. Mex. but she will stay cozy and warm inside.

This super-lightweight winter camping equipment—sleeping bags, parkas, mukluks and the bag mittens holding the binoculars—is a sharp departure from tradition. The gear is lined not with goose down or feathers but with polyurethane foam, one of the miracle products of this generation. It has been used in many ways, but only recently to insulate people.

This new use of foam may well have been dictated by the times. Camping experts know that nothing will ever replace real fur for winter gear. Caribou, because its hollow hairs contain air cells, is the perfect material, as the Eskimos well know. Reindeer skin also is dandy. But animal skins are expensive, hard to find and—those days—ecologically unsuitable. Foam seems to be the best modern substitute.

Phase One in the battle against severe cold began in 1964 with an electrical engineer, Gil Phillips, walking through the Pecos Wilderness in New Mexico, wearing electric socks inside his boots and freezing his feet. Phillips painfully decided on the spot that boots and socks don't work in very cold weather. Vilgalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, had made a similar decision years before. "Eskimo boots of sealskin are waterproof but cold," he reported in his book *Discovery*. "I wore deerskin boots and socks and got them soaking wet. The result was I suffered a slightly frozen heel."

Phillips began to look for a material offering cheap insulating quality (he discounted down as too expensive) and he

came up with flexible foam. First he wrapped his feet in layers of foam and then he fashioned outer mukluks, Eskimo style, to wear snow-camping. At 11° below zero his feet stayed warm. Impressed, he next made himself a foam-lined sleeping bag.

Phase Two in the foamy saga was simple enough. Phillips—whose basic motivation was to keep his feet warm and not to make money—handed his idea over to a tiny company called Ocaté, which began producing the foam gear commercially in an abandoned dance hall next to a saloon in Rainsville, N. Mex. The company has since moved to Santa Fe, but it is still a small, relaxed operation. "A foam parka? Make you one in 20 minutes," says Don Reynolds, the company manager, who has sold 12 jackets off his own back to passing hippies on their way to the communes around Taos. Ocaté also has outfitted the Glider Club of New York, made jackets for the Jets and for an anthropology team sent to chilly Sweden by the University of Iowa.

There are now five varieties of foam sleeping bags, parkas, ponchos, mittens and mukluks in 16 colors. Ocaté also is moving into bright orange hunting vests and pale blue underwear—foam long Johns lined with nylon taffeta, light as thistle-down.

Reynolds is mad for foam. "We were looking for the perfect material to retain heat and release body moisture," he says. "Of course there is no such thing—except the fur on a living animal. But foam comes pretty close. It can't do everything. Foam can't generate heat—the person has to do that for himself. But a foam sleeping bag will keep the ice out of your bed."

Hypothermia—the lowering of the body's temperature—is the thing that mountain climbers dread most, and the foam bags have probably saved some lives, according to Lute Jerstad, one of

the five Americans to have climbed Everest. "When my tent ripped apart on Mount Hood I stayed warm in the bag, and warmth is a key thing for me ever since I got frostbite," he said. "I use the mukluks on boat trips where my feet are in cold water half the time. At least they're warm, even if they're wet."

Contrary to popular supposition, foam does not soak up water like a sponge. Like many plastics, it has a history of being misused. Early foam equipment, too thinly layered, sopped up water until it felt like a hundred pounds on a camper's back. Ocaté's open-cell foam, covered with water-repellent nylon, breathes with the wearer. It will absorb water, if compressed, but one has to lean heavily on it to make it do so.

There are 64 varieties of foam, open cell and closed cell. A Seattle company called Jan Sport makes mountain gear using closed-cell foam, completely waterproof. Ron Fear, a volunteer safety instructor for the Mountain Rescue Council of Tacoma, Wash., successfully climbed Dhaulagiri II in Nepal last May using the almost weightless overboots, mittens and bivouac bag made for him by Jan Sport.

Before his big climb Fear experimented at home on Mount Rainier with various thicknesses and types of polyurethane foam and discovered, as Phillips had done, that rolls of the one-eighth-inch thickness were wonderful to slide next to the skin as protection against wind chill. "Fantastic stuff," says the climber. "It keeps you alive with your own body heat like a wet suit."

The *Last Whole Earth Catalog* describes the Ocaté model as the ideal poor man's sleeping bag—and, indeed, \$40 for a one-man bag is a competitive price. The bag is hard-wearing and if it does rip it can be repaired with a Band-Aid, unlike the handsome, down-filled bags that spill all their feathers. The *Catalog* also advises that "rolling the Ocaté is difficult until you get the hang: squish the bag with your knees as you roll it." This does seem to be a minor problem. In the words of the company manager when asked to demonstrate: "Fold it over and then jump on the rascal until it lies flat." **END**

Call it the survival of the fittest

... but not necessarily the best, as the sport wound up its season

This is the time of the year when horsemen get together—if that is possible—and attempt to sort out the various divisional championships. When you have a Kelso, a Buckpasser or a Damascus, the task is simple. But this year it is difficult and almost immaterial. The interesting point is not so much which horses will win seasonal honors as it is which ones might have won had they still been able to stagger to the starting gate. Only in the 2-year-old division, where Riva Ridge, winner of last week's Laurel Futurity, and the filly Numbered Account are outstanding, will the titles be awarded without argument. The situation in the other divisions is so muddled that if these two should meet in the Garden State Stakes on Nov. 13 the result could resolve the Horse of the Year riddle.

Normally, the big races of last week—the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel, the Spinster at Keeneland and the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct—would have been deciding factors in the championships, but this year the events were notable only for the ease with which the winners scored. One could not help wondering what these races might have been if so many of 1971's early stars had not become lame and halt or for some other reason disappeared from the scene.

The list of those missing is long. Consider just the 3-year-olds who might have appeared in the International or Gold Cup: Hoist the Flag, Canonero, Limit to Reason, Executioner, Jim French, His Majesty, Twist the Axe, Bold and Able, Son Ange, Dynastie, Bold Reason, Sole Mao, Unconscious, Eastern Fleet, Good

Behaving, Impetuosity, Pass Catcher, Bold Reasoning and Salem. And the Spinster, a weight-for-age test for fillies and mares, was lackluster without Double Delta, Princess Post and Drumtop, all of whom were hurt.

The best showing in the end-of-the-season events was the tremendously facile victory of Mrs. Whitney Stone's 5-year-old mare Shuvee in the Gold Cup. This tough chestnut daughter of Nashua became the first of her sex to take the Gold Cup a year ago. Last week she did it again and more convincingly; her time for the two miles was 3:20½, and only two Gold Cup winners have bettered that. Before the stake, Shuvee's owner had announced that, win or lose, this race—her 44th start—would be her last. During the summer she had surpassed Ceada as the world's all-time money-winning race mare. "She has been great for us," said Whitney Stone, "and retiring her is a difficult decision. Most people wait until a horse breaks down, but we prefer to do it when we think she may be at her best."

And she was, too. While Polar Traffic and the race's only other filly, Dar Cheri Amour, cut out the early pace, Jockey Jorge Velasquez never let Shuvee be worse than fourth. After the seven-horse field had gone exactly a mile and an eighth Velasquez clucked to Shuvee and away she went. The Argentine horse Practicante made a run at her, 1970 Travers winner Loud made a run at her, and finally, as the horses headed into the stretch, another Argentinian, Paraje, put her to the test. Shuvee overwhelmed them all, prancing home the winner by seven lengths. New York's racing fans gave her a farewell salute that heretofore has been reserved for the likes of Symme, Native Dancer, Carry Back and Kelso. She retires with winnings of \$890,445 and is to be bred next spring. Among the stallions being considered: Tom Rolfe, Nijinsky, Arts and Letters.

The eventual successor to Shuvee may have appeared on Friday's Spinster. Prior to the race, however, Chou Croute's owners had so little confidence in her ability that they considered scratching her. The Folsom Farm filly was the winner of seven of her eight starts, but she had never gone more than seven furlongs, and in the mile-and-an-eighth Spinster she would face such accomplished performers as Decit and Alma North.

Well, not only did Chou Croute (a daughter of Ridan's full brother Lt. Stevens and the Ky. Colonel mare With-erite) go the longer distance, but she looked, as horsemen put it, happier doing it than she had in winning sprints. She charged out of the gate first and was never headed, winning by 2½ lengths. Alma North was third and Decit fifth. Instead of folding up as sprinters going a route are supposed to do, Chou Croute kept rolling along, not, I imagine, to the 3-year-old filly championship (my vote would go to California's Turkish Trouser) but at least to win a vote as the member of her class most likely to succeed.

Paul Mellon's Run the Gantlet deserves being picked as the best grass runner of the year. He outdistanced his rivals in the 20th running of the International. The second horse, Irish Ball, was six lengths back and the last horse, Quikadi, 84 lengths, or about one-eighth of a mile, behind. The winner's time was a tortoise-slow 2:50½ for the mile and a half (more than 26 seconds off Kelso's track record), but the event, because of the VEE scare, had the poorest foreign contingent ever and was run in such horribly wet and foggy conditions that, as one wit put it, "They ran it in a canal and Run the Gantlet was the only one who could swim." The bay son of Tom Rolfe has now won five stakes in a row and six of 10 starts in 1971. Trainer Elliott Burch considered bringing him back in the Gold Cup just five days later, but decided, "That's being greedy, and greed doesn't usually pay off. Instead we'll rest him until at least February and then think about the grass races in Florida and California. I may even try him again on dirt, but he seems to prefer grass."

Paul Mellon's Rokeby Stable is flourishing with Horse of the World Mill Reef in England, Run the Gantlet and Farewell Party in the U.S. and a barnful of lightly raced 2-year-olds, the best of which may be Fort Marcy's half brother Key to the Mint. Mellon has won close to \$2 million with his thoroughbreds this season, racing them halfway around the world, and only the backers of California's Ack Ack and Cougar would show the least surprise if Run the Gantlet became Mellon's and Burch's third Horse of the Year in as many years. That takes some doing. **END**

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A new empire is on the rise, but first an older one has to fall

It takes more than two consecutive world championships to build a bridge dynasty, but in New Orleans late last month the world champion Aces laid another brick in the foundation when they thrashed a strong foursome led by Lew Mathe in the final of the U.S. team playoffs.

The triumph allows Jim Jacoby, Bobby Wolff, Bobby Goldman, Mike Lawrence, Bob Hamman and Paul Soloway to represent the U.S. in the 1972 World Team Olympiad in Miami Beach in June. It also gives the Aces a chance to win a third straight world title, although not a third Bermuda Bowl. The Olympiad, which takes the place of the Bermuda Bowl event during Olympic years, is open to teams from individual nations, whereas Bermuda Bowl competition is restricted to the winners of international zone playoffs. The Aces will automatically take part in the 1973 Bermuda Bowl as the defending champions.

The fact that the Aces won this year's U.S. playoff came as no real surprise. What was startling was the size of their victory margin—171 international match points on 160 boards. When these same two teams last met, in the semifinals of the Spingold team championship this past summer, Mathe, Don Krauss, Edgar Kaplan and Norman Kay scored a 29-IMP, come-from-behind upset.

In view of the lopsidedness of the New Orleans contest, onlookers soon turned their attention to the next big question: What player would be selected to replace Billy Eisenberg—who earlier this year left the Aces—and serve as Bob Hamman's partner in the Olympiad? The man the Aces wanted was Soloway, and when nonplaying Captain Lee Hazen agreed, they got him.

Paul, a 30-year-old star from Los Angeles, brings with him a record that includes two McKenney Trophies for winning the most master points in a year (1968 and '69) and a coveted victory in the Vanderbilt team championship in 1969 as well as a reputation for being a nice guy—an equally important require-

Ira Corn's Aces will be playing to win at the Olympiad in June—and so will Italy's famous Blues

ment in the mind of Aces team builder Ira Corn.

In New Orleans, however, the Aces were forced to play without Soloway, the rules requiring that a team complete the qualifying rounds with members listed in the original lineup. But five Aces were obviously enough to secure the victory, which was brought about through a combination of superior slam bidding and defensive play. In this hand, a daring defensive coup by Bobby Wolff snatched an "impossible" gain from

trump game that appeared impregnable after Kaplan won the opening spade lead with his 10. At trick two he entered dummy with the king of diamonds to lead a club, passing his 10 to West's queen. If at this point Wolff had continued spades, he would have given declarer his ninth trick; if Wolff had instead shifted to the king of hearts, declarer would have been assured of a second heart trick; and if Wolff had exited with a club, he would have been end-played later on when he won a trick in hearts.

But Bobby calculated all of these possibilities and came up with the deceptive lead of a low heart, away from his king-queen! Kaplan, aware that Wolff could have opened the bidding in third seat holding the king of hearts but not the queen, was afraid to let the heart lead run around to his 10. (If East were able to win this trick, he could return a spade and set the contract at once.) So Kaplan, envisioning other chances for nine tricks, put up dummy's ace, cashed the queen and ace of diamonds, getting two spade discards from West, and then ran three good clubs. The last club lead produced a squeeze—but, alas, declarer felt the pinch before Wolff did. Kaplan could not afford to blank his king of spades, so he was forced to discard a heart. When he did, Wolff let go of the spade queen and took the rest of the tricks with his spade ace and his three remaining hearts. Down one for a total loss to the Mathe team of 210 points, or five IMPs.

Uncharacteristically, Kaplan missed a chance to recover after playing the ace of hearts. When he cashed the diamond queen and West discarded, he could have taken two top clubs but refrained from cashing the last one. Now a heart lead—either the jack or a lead up to it—would have put Wolff on lead with nothing to do but give declarer a trick in hearts or spades. Kaplan could then get to the long club in dummy with the ace of diamonds to score his ninth trick. The Mathe team would have gained 10 IMPs on the deal—not enough to influence

*Both sides vulnerable
East dealer*

NORTH			
♠ J 7			
♥ A J 3			
♦ A K 8 2			
♣ A 9 5 2			
EAST			
♠ 8 6 4			
♥ 5 4			
♦ 10 9 7 6 3			
♣ J 7 4			
SOUTH			
♠ K 10 2			
♥ 10 8 6 5			
♦ Q 6 5			
♣ K 10 3			
WEST			
(Jacoby)			
PASS			
PASS			
PASS			
PASS			
NORTH			
(Kaplan)			
PASS			
1 NT			
PASS			
3 ♥			
PASS			
PASS			
WEST			
(Soloway)			
PASS			
1 ♠			
PASS			
PASS			
PASS			
NORTH			
(Hamman)			
PASS			
2 NT			
PASS			
PASS			
PASS			

Opening lead: 5 of spades

what had at first loomed as a certain loss.

In the other room, the Aces' North-South pair had bid and made a conservative two-heart contract for +110 points. The bidding of Kaplan-Kay for the Mathe team, however, was more aggressive, and they seemed sure to gain points on the deal when they landed in a no-

continued



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the outcome of the match but still a considerable swing.

The overall lesson of the playoff match, however, was that even individual brilliance cannot compete successfully with disciplined team play. The spectacular grand-slam deal diagrammed here cost the Mathe team a whopping 20 IMPS, but, other than the malevolent gods of distribution, Lew had no one to blame but himself. The audience gasped when the bidding ended in a single round.

Mathe is a great tactician and he has magnificent table presence—which means that he usually knows what is going on. But he has always had to play the captain's role in any partnership. Perhaps in this case Lew felt that his immediate jump to the grand slam in diamonds should prevent a nonvulnerable sacrifice bid of seven spades by the opponents. Whatever the reason, for all Krauss knew, Mathe had all 13 diamonds, so he passed. When the diamonds failed to break and the grand slam went

North-South vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH			
♠	K 9 7 6		
♥	A K Q J 10 8 7		
♦	—		
♣	K 7		

WEST			
♠	Q J 8 5		
♥	9 6 5 3 2		
♦	2		
♣	Q 3 2		

SOUTH			
♠	A		
♥	—		
♦	A K Q 9 7 6 5 4		
♣	A J 8 4		

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(Jacoby)	(Krauss)	(Belf)	(Mathe)
PASS	1 ♠	PASS	7 ♦
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: 3 of hearts

down one trick, he could only offer his condolences.

At the other table, Aces Goldman and Lawrence did considerably more exploring before reaching a contract of seven no trump with Goldman (North) as the

declarer. Strangely enough, if the North hand had not contained the king of clubs, seven no trump would have gone down also. As it was, Goldman had one more trick than he needed, with only three of them in diamonds.

Will the Aces, reinforced by Soloway, win at Miami Beach and keep their world championship string intact? I would say yes—except for one thing. Italy's Blue Team, whose dynastic reign extended over 13 years and included 12 world titles, is coming out of retirement in an attempt to prove that it is still the best. The first clue as to which team really is best will come in a challenge match between the Blues and the Aces to be played Dec. 7-11 at the Hilton International in Las Vegas, where the prize will be cash (\$15,000) as well as kudos.

I am reminded, too, that the Blue Team, even after three straight Bermuda Bowl wins, failed to make the finals of the 1960 Olympiad. So if you don't mind, I'll withhold my 1972 Olympiad prediction until next year.

END

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Tolling bells for the Maine timberdoodle

Woodcock may not be as numerous as they once were in the rugged country around Calais, Maine, but there was still plenty of action when the dogs' bells stopped clanking and Acey Sprague stopped talking

Silence is the rarest stimulus in sports. Be quiet for a moment and think about it. The high points of competition are generally punctuated with thuds, cheers, groans, whacks, screeches and boos. Now and then, during the lunged instant before a crucial field goal or a critical pitch, silence heightens the tension, but those situations are remarkable largely because of their rarity—and for what usually follows. Yet there is an area of sport where silence is the key, the prime turn-on to an excitement that requires reflexes as quick as a linebacker's or as subtle as an NBA guard's. That silence begins with the first frost. It heightens as the leaves begin to brighten and fall. It is punctuated with the barking of geese as they wedge their way across the wild reaches of the continent—the remote hassle reaching the ears of the listener only many silent moments after the flight has passed overhead. The keenest moment is the sudden stillness of a bell that has ceased to toll. Last week in Maine, the bell failed to toll a hundred times. Each silence was immortal.

"Well, boys, we'll just get out and take a stroll up along that rim of alders and we ought to find a few birds in there, yuh, goodness gracious, I recollect when we first started working dogs on woodcock back about 38 years ago, maybe 35, we might point a dozen birds in as many minutes up here, you'd just kill one and go to pick it up and with your next step why you'd put up another and kill it too, and then another until if you didn't have that old dog with you, oh dear, oh dear, well you'd never pick all of 'em up—get on around hesh, yuh Duke, around HERE! Yes, good boy, in there is where they ought to be, jeez!—but as I was saying, boys, that was long ago and while most guides today will tell you that you should ought

of been here last week, well, boys, I'll tell you you should ought of been here 20 years ago, goodness gracious, and it's waxing worse, boys, yes it is, it's waxing worse," said Asa Sprague. Then there was quiet, for a moment. "Duke's making game," said Asa. "Get on in there."

Hunting woodcock with Asa Sprague and his ancient pointer Duke is a study in silence. Contrary to the stereotype of the taciturn New Englander, "Acey," as he is known Down East, talks incessantly, while the cowbell on Duke's collar clanks an erratic accompaniment to his master's voice. Lulled by words and bells, stoned on the scent of rotting apples, caught up in the rhythm of a day-long march through the bright autumn woods, the hunter traverses miles of rolling country as if in a dream. Then, instantly, silence as dense as the inside of a cathedral. The dog's bell has stopped; Acey has stopped; time. . . .

Walking in ahead of the point, one feels the tension build. The woodcock is in there, his mottled body pressed flat to the mottled leaves, only his big, black eyes, each of which can cover 180°, shining wet in the underbrush as a modest giveaway. When he erupts with a whistle of wing feathers and zigzags through the upper reaches of the alders, there will be only about three seconds in which to swing and slap the trigger. The flat bang of the gun ends the silence and the monologue resumes. The "real" world is intact once again.

Like most woodcock addicts, Asa Sprague seeks more than meat for the pot when he pursues his avocation. The woodcock, like the men who hunt it, is a bit of a loner, preferring the tangled depths of an alder thicket or a copse of gray birch to the easy, open fields where more gregarious men hunt quail or pheasants. Back in the early 19th century, breeding populations of woodcock

existed throughout the Eastern United States. Intense hunting pressure, particularly from market hunters, wiped out most of the local birds before the Civil War. Frank Forester, one of the early American outdoor writers, reported killing upward of 150 birds in a day's shooting on the Jersey Meadows back in the 1830s and argued (vainly) for closed seasons on the timberdoodle long before governments recognized the need. Finally, with the local birds shot off, the only large populations of woodcock remaining were found in the far northeast corner of Maine and in the Canadian Maritime Provinces. The woodcock is a migratory bird, moving south with the cold weather to Louisiana and flying anywhere from 10 to 100 miles a night, sharpening up several times its weight daily in earthworms. Thus the woodcock is one of the few predators among game birds. Its long bill, jointed near the tip, is especially adapted for nabbing worms, and one imagines that the timberdoodle could handle a bowl of spaghetti in no time at all.

As a target for the wing shot, the woodcock demands a sharp eye, a sharper ear and quick reflexes. "You'll usually hear him before you see him," says Sprague, "and you better be up on him before he clears the alders. He'll pause at the top of his ride and then cut out through the upper branches like a fried ferret." A dog that will work close is a requisite for the hunter who wants to fill his daily limit of five birds. Generally, an older, slower dog is preferable to a young, rangy one, and Acey's pointer Duke filled the bill. Joe, a setter who also hunted with us that day, was younger than Duke but filled the bill pretty well himself. He belonged to the legendary Lloyd Clark, Acey's good friend and possibly the best woodcock man in the Northeast.

Duke is 11 human years old, which

continued



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would make him about 77 in dog years. Since Acey himself admits to being "in the 69th year of my age," but is probably more like 72, the combined wisdom of this hunting team totaled nearly a century and a half of woods lore. For all their gray hairs, neither man nor dog flagged perceptibly during three days of hot, heavy hunting. Duke's chest and belly were ripped raw by the briars, and unseasonably warm temperatures (80° was the high one afternoon) sent him searching for water—"Adam's ale"—in every bottom. Refueled, he charged off again into the thickets, bell clanking and tail wagging.

Because of the heat and a month without rain, the highlands were too hard for good worm digging, so the birds were widely scattered through the moist, lowland coverts. These were local birds, the migration not yet having begun, and there were still too many leaves on the alders for clear shooting. Still, Asa remained as spry as his dog. On three separate occasions, when a bird flushed wild with Asa between it and the gunner, the old man flung himself to the ground and bellowed, "Shoot!" His rolling, bowlegged gait, almost identical with that of his dog, carried him through the thickest tangles at a pace that left young-

ACEY SPRAGUE hulked his dialogue when Joe went on point; but took up where he had left off after the dog retrieved the woodcock.



er men breathing hard. "Well, boys," he would bellow in his Titus Moody accent, "you can't hit 'em if you can't raise 'em, and you can't raise 'em by standing still."

But it is the country, not the killing of birds, that dominates the hunt, both physically and psychologically. It is not for lack of erudition that the folks around Asa's home town of Calais, Maine pronounce it "Callus." The worn-down granite mountains that flank the Bay of Fundy are as hard and horry as Huck Finn's foot. Throughout the region, the failure of the 19th century American homestead is writ poignantly on the land. Weathered barns lean drunkenly away from the northeast wind, while iron stoves, red with rust, flake off their half-lives in the stone cellars of collapsed farmhouses. Spotted like oases through the tilted hills, abandoned orchards bring forth their fruit for nature's consumption. Ruffed grouse, deer and black bear feed on the bright apples, while city folks pay for fruit that tastes like old newspapers. Resting on a hillside one morning, Acey pointed to the gray ruin of a farmhouse and recalled its past.

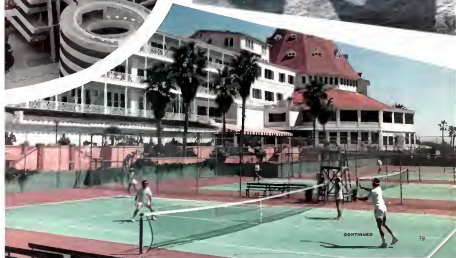
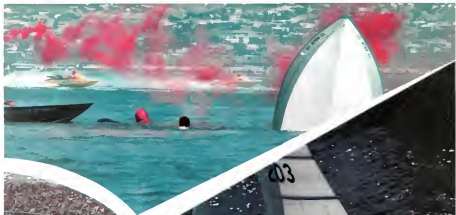
"This was Nell Berry's place," he said. "She was an old widdier woman who used to raise state charges here—orphans. A fine and gentle woman, old Nell, full of love. Those apples back there on the hill were the finest in this corner of the country. I used to come up here and talk to her, with one eye on the apples so's to nail me a partridge when they flew up to feed. Over there is Breakneck Mountain—I used to pound over it many a night after jacking deer—and down there"—he pointed to a blue flash of water through the golden blur of poplars—"is Meddybemps Lake, where two of my buddies drowned. They were running deer with dogs, killing up to 100 a year for the market. In those days, you couldn't *earn* a living wage around here, you had to hunt for it. Well, it was a day just like this one—no wind, bright, hot and dusty. The dogs ran the buck into the lake, and they went out in their canoe to shoot it. Clayton, he had a withered arm, and I reckon that when he rose up to shoot, the canoe capsized. The two of them came up through the ice the following spring. You could spot them from the black bulges in the ice. They were deteriorated some."

A Playground Divided

... cannot stand, or so it may seem in San Diego, which in a determined effort to become big-league snapped up professional football, basketball, baseball and hockey franchises. It now has difficulty supporting all of them as its residents enjoy a rich sports life of their own

by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON





CONTINUED

Playground continued

*In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree;
—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE*

It is not clear whether the Great Khan's motives were selfish or altruistic, but there isn't any question about the intentions of the builder of the stately pleasure dome that stands at Second Avenue and C Street in San Diego, Calif. Banker C. Arnholt Smith built the \$14 million Westgate Plaza Hotel for three reasons: first, he wanted to do something for San Diego; second, he wanted to give his wife Helen a chance to demonstrate her extraordinary decorating talents; and, third, he wanted to be known as the man responsible for the most beautiful hotel in the world. The first reason may have been the most compelling. Ask anybody about Arnie Smith and the answer will be: "Arnholt Smith will do anything to boost San Diego."

The wonders he has wrought have been chronicled before (*SD*, Aug. 3, 1970), but the most wondrous thing about Arnie is that the wonders never cease. What other man in this century has given his city a hotel with thousands of dollars worth of hand-cut Baccarat crystal chandeliers in the lobby and, at the same time, a baseball team that finished 28½ games out of first place in the Western Division of the National League? (The hotel really is beautiful, so beautiful that Buzzie Bavasi, the former Dodger executive who is president and part owner of the Padres,

won't let visiting baseball teams stay in it, even though their occupancy would put money in his partner's pocket. "Can you imagine those guys lounging around in the Italian chairs and sprinkling cigar ashes on Helen Smith's Kirman rug?" Bavasi says.) One has to believe that both the hotel and the Padres are gifts to the city and that Arnholt Smith will not be upset if he never gets anything beyond a tax write-off from either of them. Nor is this attitude exceptional. Smith is only one, though perhaps the No. 1, of several avuncular San Diego sportsmen who set out in the '60s to do something for their city, something to "make it really big time" and to "put it on the map."

On the map? What had happened? Had all of San Diego's stars made a mystery of their nativity? Didn't anybody know that Teddy Ballgame, the greatest hitter who ever lived, or Maureen Connolly, the best of all women tennis players, were from San Diego? Or Don Larsen, the perfect-game pitcher? Did people think Florence Chadwick, the Channel swimmer, was from Los Angeles or someplace? How about Brick Muller, that fellow who went to San Diego High and then, playing on a University of California wonder team, threw a 63-yard forward pass? And all the others—Cotton Warburton, Bud Held, Billy Mills, Bob Gutowski, Lowell North, Archie Moore, not to mention Billy Casper, Gene Littler and Mickey Wright. Why,



Bob Breitbard, who began as a home-town

San Diego was even on the badminton map—Dr. Dave Freeman had won the U.S. championship seven times. Not enough for the big map?

Bob Breitbard, who starred in football at Hoover High and San Diego State, was not as rich as Arnie Smith but he had some money from the family business (laundry) and in 1946 he and his brother established the Breitbard Athletic Foundation as a way of encouraging and rewarding San Diego athletes. In 1960, convinced that San Diego had somehow contrived to remain as unknown as Tierra del Fuego, Breitbard persuaded the city to co-sponsor a Hall of Champions. Still not enough. In 1963 Breitbard moved into the entrepreneurial end of sport, applying for a franchise in the Western Hockey League. The league said O.K., but only if he could supply a rink. Breitbard valiantly, some say pig-headedly, set out to build a sports arena as a feat of venture capitalism. It opened Nov. 17, 1966, with the newly fledged Gulls chilling the Seattle Totems 4-1 before 11,692 newly minted fans. The following year Bob Breitbard, all good guy, the man in the white hat, surpassed himself: he snatched up a National Basketball Association franchise, and the expansion Rockets were organized in time to play the 1967-68 season in the arena. Marvelous! Instant fame—the Rockets had the "Big E," Elvin Hayes,

To start talk about San Diego, Arnholt Smith built the dazzlingly deluxe Westgate Plaza.





champion, soon became home-town champ.

Low Alcindor's only successful rival.

Long before Breitbard brought the Gulls and Rockets to San Diego, Jack Murphy, the sports editor of the *San Diego Union*, had been suffering from a dichotomous itch: he wanted to cover major league sports but did not want to leave San Diego. Murphy began solving his problem in 1961 when he persuaded Barron Hilton to transfer his professional football team, the AFL Chargers, from the empty steppes of the Los Angeles Coliseum to cozy Balboa Stadium. Given this triumph, Murphy

Peter Graham came on as a savior.



began to agitate for his real objective: a new multipurpose stadium. He is generally credited with igniting community enthusiasm for the project. A stadium seating more than 50,000 people for either baseball or football, and with a parking lot so vast that it can be converted into a Grand Prix sports-car racing track, opened for business in June of 1967.

The location of the stadium cannot be faulted. It is five miles up the sun-blasted expanse of Mission Valley, once famed only as the course of the San Diego River, the home of jackrabbits and the Spanish mission that provided its name. The valley is now paved with the concrete of freeways, which make it reachable in 30 minutes from almost any point within the city limits.

One of the people Jack Murphy ignored when he lit upon his project was Albert Harutunian, the president of the San Diego Fertilizer Co. Harutunian's response gives body to that old Russian proverb, "Light an Armenian and you'll get a firestorm!" The Harutunian firestorm broke over the city in the spring of 1965 when he was named to a Stadium Authority Board of Governors, a group created to help secure a \$27.75 million bond issue. Harutunian promptly produced a booklet, which he sent to 187,000 people, listing all the ways in which a multipurpose stadium would benefit San Diego. The bonds received 72% of the total vote.

As we have seen, none of San Diego's Dutch uncles were Dutch. Now add to the ethnic mix—WASP, Jewish, Irish and Armenian—one Italian. That would be John Alessio, the shoeshine boy who was sponsored by Arriholt Smith and in due time came to operate the Caliente Race Course and function as a partner in Smith's Westgate-California Corporation. There were people in San Diego who thought Alessio was not acting in the city's interest when he tried to take charge of the Del Mar race-track, 30 miles north of city center, on the basis of a second-best bid. But this was compensated, and more, by another act of John Alessio's. He saved the Del Coronado hotel, a most magnificent Victorian lumber pile that today gleams anew. Alessio bought the hotel, pulled the white clapboard off one sagging side of it, installed a mighty steel beam and had the place boarded up again. The re-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWEET & LORIG



Frank Carraz, the mayor, won acquittal.

stored Del looked just the same but was years younger, beneficiary of the first spinal transplant.

Why all this emphasis on hotels—balding them, saving them, and so on? Do hotels have some special mystique? Well, yes and no. The Triple A tour book lists 47 acceptable hotels in the San Diego area, but there are just two that can be considered grand luxe, the Westgate Plaza and the Del Coronado. And that's not bad. New York has only one, the Plaza. San Francisco has one, the Fairmont. Madrid has one, the Ritz. In San Diego's thrust for a big-league image, two superhotels can count almost as much as, say, one basketball franchise.

The sports enthusiasts, promoters and developers were not, of course, the only people who did nice things for San Diego during the '60s, but they were among those who worked hardest at it. What turned everybody on? Why was the Great Leap Forward delayed until the magic year 1960?

Success, that's what and why.

And what finally precipitated the leap? Failure.

Once again, as it has been doing for

enormous



The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain...but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me!"



more than 400 years, San Diego won it by blowing it. In the decade and a half after World War II, San Diego grew comfortably into a city of 500,000 people, much of its work force employed by its one major private industry (aero—Convair, Rohr, Ryan) or by the U.S. Navy. Few people cared that some out-of-town sportswriters called the city “bush.” It was satisfied with a minor league baseball franchise, no pro football, and college football in old (1915) Balboa Stadium.

What brought a change in thinking was the virtual—though temporary—collapse of the aerospace industry. Unemployment moved up to 8.8%; and suddenly, where all had been bland self-satisfaction, there was alarm. The alarm turned to outrage when Time headlined a story about the city’s troubles “Bust Town?” Bush might bother only a few people, but bust? Amid the splutters and spleen, a group of San Diego businessmen took a long look at their city and decided the useful alternative to anger was action. Under the banner of San Diegans, Inc. they set out to supply the bread—renovation of the downtown area—while the sports-minded contingent brought on the circus.

Neither the criticism of San Diego nor the city’s considered response surprised Neil Morgan, a discerning and sardonic Carolinian who writes a daily column for the *Evening Tribune*. “San Diego is still able to make decisions rather than react to pressure,” Morgan says. “The reason is the accumulated failures of the Establishment for a century. In 1887 the terminus of the first transcontinental railroad was to be placed here, but it was shifted to San Bernardino. We had a natural harbor and assumed we would be the major port in California, but in 1911 Los Angeles built an artificial harbor and most of the shipping was rescheduled there. Then in the ‘20s the western anchor of the southern transcontinental highway was supposed to be located here, but Los Angeles got that, too. Naturally, with all those failures—shipping, railroads, highways—San Diego couldn’t attract much industry. For years thus kept the city free of pollution and overcrowding. Now we have industry and tourism, but all the things people did wrong in the past have helped make this a golden place.”

Even in the desert days before irrigation made it bloom like a garden, San Diego was fairly special. On the north were the sculptured bluffs now called La Jolla; the great, pendulous nose of Point Loma curved south until it almost closed the mouth of the matchless harbor. This was guarded on the west by an island with a silver beach, Coronado. To the east was the infant city, on flatlands at the foot of another rampart of bluffs and hills. Between the eastern and northern bluffs lay Mission Valley, carved in antiquity by the San Diego River, a vacillating stream that sometimes emptied into San Diego Bay and other times switched its channel north to feed a huge tidal swamp called False Bay. The glory of San Diego is that this magnificent natural heritage has been enhanced, not despoiled.

In 1868, when San Diego had only 2,301 citizens, a group of civic leaders did something right: they chose 1,400 acres of “pueblo land” outside the city for a public park, a place destined to become, 50 years later, the site of the nation’s finest zoo. Balboa Park had many fathers but the one whose life-style still flavors San Diego life was Joshua Sloane. While Collector of the Port of San Diego, Sloane carried his dog Patrick on the payroll as a deputy. Right up until World War II San Diego remained a lively, lusty small town.

Some of San Diego’s folksy ways survived the war. Neil Morgan, who did not settle in the city until 1946, was dismayed to discover that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe trains arriving from Los Angeles on the dead-end spur *barked* into town.

One of the anomalies calculated to confuse today’s visitor is the contrast between what the city professes to be and what it really is. The Copley newspapers, the *Union* and the *Evening Tribune*, would like the world to believe that San Diego is a bastion of laissez-faire capitalism. Publisher James Copley also would like everyone to know—or at least to think—that it is a very moral city. To this end, he refuses advertisements for all X-rated movies, not just the pornos that abound within a few steps of the Copley building. Although San Diego was one of the five counties in California earned by Barry Goldwa-

ter, and despite its choice as the site of the 1972 Republican National Convention (“This ought to put us on the map”), it is not as rock-ribbed politically as it is widely believed to be. Just try to get a decision from the city government. It is nearly impossible to get any ruling because the power is so fragmented. Taking the political temperature of the city is like trying to get an armpit reading on an octopus. As for morality, well, *Union* and *Tribune* staffers had some trouble explaining the fact that the Academy Award-winning picture of 1969, *Midnight Cowboy*, had neither been advertised nor reviewed.

The fact is that public morality is not much of a concern. The spirit of Joshua Sloane and his employed dog still permeates the city. Last year Mayor Frank Curran and a clutch of councilmen and supervisors were accused of taking bribes. The public response was one of sympathy; after all, the mayor gets only \$12,000 a year and councilmen receive only \$5,000. In some parts of the country those sums wouldn’t even constitute a license to steal. The defendants were acquitted.

One might think that as diffuse an organization as the San Diego city government would be incapable of getting anything done, but one would be only half right. Over the past two decades the city or its agencies have built two parklike islands in San Diego Bay; dredged Mission Bay and transformed it into the world’s largest aquatic park; linked the shining esplanade of Coronado, once attainable only by ferry, to the city with a curving, blue bridge of such symmetry and grace that it seems fully as airborne as the planes taking off from Lindbergh Field, and fostered industry while virtually eliminating pollution. Air pollution is minimal, but San Diego’s real astonisher is the bay. The bay is not polluted. Perhaps that sentence should be repeated: San Diego Bay is not polluted!

San Diego’s acceptive attitude toward the behavior of its leaders—civic, business or sports—may be explained, in one critic’s opinion, by the city’s proximity to Mexico. “You know, we’re only 13 miles from Tijuana,” he says, with a wry grin. “The principle of the *moraleja* is quite

continued

well entrenched down there. Maybe we have exchanged a few folkways."

Three of San Diego's uncles of the soaring '60s have suffered varying degrees of adversity, but only one has been subjected to calumny. The heaviest blow was directed at John Alessio. When Johnny A. copped a plea on charges of income-tax evasion last spring, there was sorrow on both sides of the border. He got three years and is currently in Lompoc, a California minimum security prison, where he works as a gardener—and answers his fan mail. In Tijuana on June 24 some 150 Mexican dignitaries held a banquet to "toast 40 years of friendship with John Alessio." That was before Caliente burned to the ground. Since then, understandably, Alessio has lost some of his bouce.

His longtime partner, Arnholt Smith, the high school dropout who became president of the U.S. National Bank, has never had any trouble with the law, but Smith's business ethics have been questioned by out-of-town radicals from *The Wall Street Journal*. In 1969 the *Journal* ran a detailed story accusing him and his associates of making huge sums by buying or establishing small, private companies and then selling them to their publicly owned companies, Westgate-California and U.S. National. If any stockholder complained, there is no record of it.

The uncle who has endured the most public denunciation is Bob Breitbard, the man in the white hat. For three years Breitbard had trouble making ends meet in his Arena-Gulls-Rockets operation, and for three years he sought tax relief or city support. It was not forthcoming, at least in ways that both parties could accept. So one June day, the very day, in fact, that his alma mater San Diego State named him Alumnus of the Year, Breitbard sold his NBA franchise to Houston. When Bob Breitbard, the man in the black hat, returned to his home town after the sellout, even the jets at the airport were hissing. Ask not, as somebody once said, what San Diego can do for you, ask what you can do for San Diego.

Hey! Anybody want to see a voodoo ceremony? One where they take a doll and poke needles through it? It isn't scheduled yet, but one of these days Buzzie Ba-

vasi and Bob Breitbard and maybe even Eugene Klein and Sam Schulman, the present owners of the Chargers, are likely to meet somewhere and poke this doll so full of needles it will look like a porcupine. The doll will be made to resemble a man named Glenn Rick, the person in modern San Diego history who has done the least for spectator sports.

Two people happened to San Diego in the early 1930s. One was Major Reuben H. Fleet. The other was Glenn Rick. Infuriated by the extremes of Buffalo weather, Major Fleet bundled his Consolidated Aircraft Corporation onto three trains and charged west in search of sunshine. Fleet thus breached San Diego's reputation as a "Bluejacket and red geranium town." Advocates of industrialization claimed the council had zoned the city so fiercely that no industry could survive there; defenders of the status quo said San Diego was a nice town and a lot of nice people lived there and who needed soot on their geraniums? Over the years Fleet and other businessmen who followed him proved industry and geraniums could co-exist.

Now meet Glenn Rick. He was the San Diego city planner (yes, even then), and one day he took a long look at that misnamed wilderness, False Bay. Two local tycoons had offered to donate to the city a considerable section of land on the south and east edges of the swamp. Rick was aware that many tideland leases, granted by the state in the booming '20s, had defaulted during the Depression. So he concocted a plan for a giant, participant-oriented aquatic park, to be called Mission Bay, utilizing the donated property and hopefully the state's defaulted tidelands.

Like the Lord, the Depression gaveth but it also tooketh away. San Diego had the swamp and the idea for an aquatic park, but it did not have the money and it would not until after World War II. It was the war that thrust San Diego, not always willingly, into the 20th century. The city's population tripled, and the great waves of military tourists passing through town awakened the Chamber of Commerce to the possibility of a civilian tourist industry someday. Why not act on Glenn Rick's park plan, which had been modified and refined but not basically altered over the preceding decade? In 1945 the voters passed

a \$2 million bond issue, and by early 1946 the 4,600-acre development was under way. Luckily for Mission Bay's sponsors, the Ecological War of the '60s had not yet broken out: there were no Forever Wild wetlands to voice their protest. People were still ahead of tadpoles.

A great many superlatives have been applied to the results of the Mission Bay project to date (it will not be completed until 1980, by which time it will have cost \$106 million). Travel Writer Horace Sutton has called it "one of the most imaginative water holes the world has ever seen." Another writer said: "Mission Bay Park is exactly the way God would have planned it if God had money." God's proconsuls in the development of the park were a lean, chipper millionaire-in-the-making named Douglas R. Giddings and San Diego's accomplished—even revered—postwar city manager, Thomas Fletcher.

Giddings was named chairman of the Mission Bay Committee in the late '40s and today still directs the destinies of the park. "The committee's responsibility was development of policy," Giddings says. "We decided from the start to limit commercial activities and since it was to be an aquatic park, we felt any development had to be oriented to water activity. We were going to develop it in two ways—for passive uses such as picnicking, camping and just sitting and looking at the water and for active sports such as fishing, swimming and boating. To do that, we decided it would be best to zone the park. So we said, all right, only small sailboat activities will be permitted here, only water skiing here, only swimming on this beach, only fishing here. We zoned the whole thing so that there is no conflict of activities."

In the last 20 years about \$31 million in federal, state and city funds have cleared the channel of the San Diego River, dredged the zones into existence, built the access highways and even created beaches and islands. Everything that Rick and, subsequently, Giddings envisioned is there or will be. There is an unlimited hydroplane racecourse and an Olympic-size regatta course. You can sail your Sunfish in one of the many divisions of the park while water skiers are roaring along the shore in another. And if you want to fish, a whole small

continued

A junkie's parents shouldn't be the last to know.



More and more kids are letting the temptation of drugs get to them. And a lot of them are the kind of kids you'd least expect to become addicts.

If you're a parent and you're frightened, you should be.

Some authorities say that of all the many young people who start experimenting with drugs out of curiosity, one in every three will become a regular user.

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You could talk to your kids about drugs, but your kids would

know more than you do.

Because even if they're not into taking drugs, drugs are a very real part of young people's lives. And all you know are a parent's fears.

Metropolitan Life would like to tell you the facts about drugs you don't know, but definitely should.

We've written a booklet. A parent's primer. What drugs are. What they do. How drug use starts. What to do when you see it.

It's called "To Parents/About Drugs." If you'd like a copy for

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It's only a booklet. But if you learn from it, it might be a help.

You can't help solve a problem if you don't know what the problem is.

Or that the problem is there. Possibly even closer than you think.



Metropolitan Life

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coastline is reserved for you; bass, trout, croaker or halibut usually are biting. In deepwater Bonita Bay, near the entrance to the park, you can anchor *Online* if you happen to be Huey Long, or your Rybovich fishing machine if it is big game you are after. Some 4,000 to 5,000 power and sailboats are berthed in the park, and by 1980 Giddings and Co. hope to have slips for 12,000.

The original charter projected leases for commercial use of 25% of the land area, and in consequence there are half a dozen hotels in the park, several restaurants and the only nonsporting San Diego spectator attraction that rivals the zoo: Sea World, Mission Bay's version of Marineland, with perhaps the most accomplished killer whale in captivity. This is Shamu, whose only bad habit is gently rubbing girls in bikinis. Like San Diego Bay, Mission Bay is free of pollution; one hotel has a golf course that is laid out on a recycled solid-waste landfill and is irrigated by recycled effluent. On a peak day, with no special events scheduled, 80,000 persons use the park facilities, nearly nine million a year.

If San Diego had done nothing more with its lovely littoral than perpetuate Balboa Park and create Mission Bay, it still would be an unparalleled center of participant sport. But the Mission Bay development triggered many other recreation explosions, especially in the field of golf. In 1945 all of San Diego County had only a dozen or so courses. Today there are so many that even people deeply involved in the sport have lost count; they know there are at least 70, including a few par 3s, but they suspect there may be 72 or 73. San Diego has produced a remarkable gang of golfers of pro tour caliber—most notably Casper, Latimer and Wright, but also Phil Rodgers, John Schroeder, Bill Brask, Tommy and John Jacobs, Chuck Courtney and Cesar Samudo.

Two PGA tournaments are scheduled each year in the vicinity of San Diego, but the pride of the city is the Junior World Golf championship, which this year attracted 590 entrants from 24 states and 29 foreign countries and was played on the Torrey Pines south course, also the site of the \$150,000 Andy Williams Open.

If Norrie West, executive chairman of the Junior World and publisher for

the Andy Williams, could be termed the pro-tem father of these events, then Moe Dalitz might be called the godfather of the other major San Diego golf happening, The Tournament of Champions. It is played each spring at Dalitz' spa, the La Costa Country Club, just north of the city. Dalitz brought the tournament to La Costa from Las Vegas' Desert Inn, and there are people who think some of his guests carry more than golf-sticks in their bags. But many prominent San Diegans play there, and so do many Angeleños, who find they can nip down the San Diego Freeway—a 90-minute ride at the speeds Californians find routine—play La Costa or almost any other San Diego layout, and be back home in the time it would take to reach the first tee on many Los Angeles courses.

For a combination of opulence and abundance, nothing quite matches golf in the San Diego area, but of abundance alone there is an almost bewildering amount. Take tennis, for example—48 municipal courts in 11 locations, some of them lighted, as well as five private clubs, one of them the glamorous La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club. Or ocean fishing. A fleet of 50-odd charter boats operates out of San Diego Bay, and some of them are giants. One, *Qualifier*, is 105 feet long, has a beam of 24 feet, a galley seating 40 people, and its skipper, Bruce Barnes, will run 1,000 miles south to Chicano Island anytime 30 people ask him (if each, of course, is willing to pay the surprisingly low \$45-a-day rate). "Once off the Gorda Banks we boasted 38 marlin," Barnes says nostalgically. "But usually we go out on day trips. We can take up to 100 people and then the fees run \$15 for yellowtail and \$18 for albacore."

The new stadium's Grand Prix course has yet to be tested, but at the suburban El Cajon Speedway there are races for both modifieds and midgets and a new dirt motorcycle track is being built near the border. Here again the amateurs have taken over from the professionals. San Diego County has 21 sports-car clubs, and more than 200 cars are entered in the San Diego rally, usually held in February.

A catalog of the sports it is possible to do, or do better, in San Diego would, it seems, be interminable. The county has 70 miles of public beach, near-

ly half of all the public oceanfront available in the state of California. Off La Jolla, and at many other points, surfers are present every day of the year (temperature average: 68° summer, 57° winter); out beyond them are the scuba and skin divers, while inshore are swimmers and body builders and Frisbee players and shell hunters and bird watchers. In addition to all the boating, competitive and otherwise, done inside Mission Bay, there are four big ocean yacht races each year: San Diego-Acapulco in February, Newport Beach-Ensenada in May, the brand-new Marina del Rey-San Diego in June and San Diego-San Clemente in August.

The San Diego scene is so attuned to the sea that visitors sometimes forget its upland attractions. There is excellent hunting, some almost within walking distance. The duck season opens in October on the city-owned lakes in the South Bay area. Sixty miles east in the Laguna Mountains are deer and bear, and in the high meadows there are pheasants. Thousands go into the uplands to search for rocks, to hike and climb, to roll dune buggies over the sands, or just to camp and picnic. In sum, do-it-yourself sport without end.

So why pick on Glenn Rick? Is it his fault the Rockets only attracted 6,800 people per game at the Sports Arena? Is Rick responsible for the fact that the Padres' attendance this year was the worst in the major leagues? The answer is a qualified yes. Glenn Rick started Mission Bay, which had a seminal effect on every other kind of outdoor activity. People who are playing golf are not attending baseball games. Neither are the people at the zoo, or Sea World, or the 1,800-acre animal park, or . . . But take those needles out of the Glenn Rick doll. If Rick had not noticed that San Diego was, potentially, an extraordinary playground, somebody else would have.

Covering the World Series of 1961, Jim Murray, America's foremost critic of cities, dourly observed: "In Cincinnati if you don't like baseball you can always go downtown and watch haircuts." Both baseball men and barbers have it a lot tougher in San Diego—there are nearly 100 alternatives to watching either of their specialties. The same dilemma confronts promoters of other

Authentic.



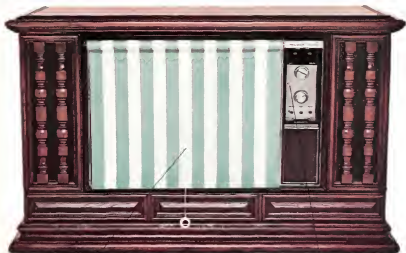
What we put in this bottle

They say there are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." Dewar's has only the finest of whiskies from the Highlands, from the Lowlands, from the Hebrides. Each one is chosen for its own special purpose, and is then rested in its own snug vat. Finally, one by one, they're brought together by the hand of the master blender of Perth. His skill makes sure that Dewar's never varies.



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spectator sports, including basketball, hockey, boxing and wrestling. Football so far seems to be immune. Fifty thousand San Diegans will turn out on a warm, starlit night to watch the Chargers just as readily as 50,000 Wiconsinians will in sub-zero weather to see the Green Bay Packers. There is a difference, though—the San Diegans could go somewhere else.

Buzzie Bavasi isn't any city's uncle, but he has a more than passing interest in affirming the major league image won with such enterprise and persistence by the real San Diego uncles during the '60s. He would also like to make money, win some games, maybe a division title and then a pennant. In 1969 the Padres attracted 513,000 people, and in 1970 they upped that to 643,000, but both times they finished last in the Western Division. Now they not only have done it again, but attendance has dropped to 549,000.

In owners this sort of apathy often conjures up fantasies of faraway places with strange-sounding names—like New Orleans, Toronto, Honolulu, Dallas-Fort Worth, Washington, D.C. All of these, and others, have indicated an interest in the Padres' franchise, but Bavasi insists he will stay in San Diego. "Mr. Smith and I agreed we would not sell the team because of poor attendance," he said recently. "It's our fault that the team doesn't win. We can't blame the city. I know what the fans are thinking. It's a lovely evening and a guy is sitting on his patio and he says to himself, 'Why should I go to the ball park? The team is going to lose anyway.'"

One of the reasons often put forward for San Diego's baseball apathy is that the Padres must draw from a San Diego County population pool of only 1.2 million people, smallest in the major leagues. It is apples and oranges, of course, to try to compare baseball's attractiveness with that of football, but the Chargers, drawing from the same pool, do jam the stadium, and so do the ferocious Aztecs of San Diego State, who were the national small-college champions in 1966, '67 and '68.

Two minor sports, which are major in a good many cities, have done well in the past year. The Gulls hockey team proved the best draw in its league, averaging 9,500 spectators per game,

and Del Mar had its best meeting ever.

Well, that about ties it up, doesn't it? One successful professional football franchise, one tottering baseball franchise, one lost basketball franchise, a minor league hockey franchise and a second-rank racetrack. Los Angeles Sports-writer Jack Tobin was right when he wrote in 1961: "San Diego, history has proved, is like Long Beach, a great sports center if it is free or costs less than \$1." In other words, San Diego is still bush—perhaps irretrievably bush. The uncles failed to put it on the map, to make it really big-time, to establish a major league image. Or did they?

That invaluable compendium, *The Dictionary of American Slang*, defines bush as, among other things, unsophisticated, nonprofessional, amateurish, inept, inexperienced, small-time and second-rate. Would anyone seriously suggest that San Diego, having lost the Rockets, is now a bush-league town, whereas by virtue of possessing the Mets and the Jets, New York's borough of Queens is sophisticated, professional, big-time, first-rate and even ept? This might have seemed the prevailing view in San Diego the week after the Rocket sale. There was a desperate scramble to get an ABA team to fill the gap. The thought of San Diego without a major league basketball franchise so upset a television man-in-the-street interviewee that he blurted: "Sellin' the Rockets was an awful thing. I never went to see 'em, but I was goin' to one of these days."

Even the Chargers have a slightly tenuous hold on their audience. "A lot of people don't want to sit in the sun at day games," says Publicist Jerry Wynn, "so we've scheduled six of our 11 home games at night." Moreover, Charger fans are mostly white-collar people. "We don't find much of a blue-collar market for the cheaper seats," says another Charger official. "Poor people don't seem to make the identification." The poor people of San Diego don't really need vicarious Charger wins to make them feel good or Padre losses to reassess their humanity. When the Padres begin winning, business probably will pick up, but only because victory is more entertaining than defeat.

If there is still an element of bush in San Diego, it was manifested less by the sale of the Rockets than by the events

that preceded and followed it and by City Hall's seeming determination to make Bob Breitbard not only a prophet without honor in his own country but also a prophet without profits. As recorded earlier, Breitbard did not demand that the city reward him with a sports arena in return for his acquisition of the Western Hockey League franchise. Instead, he floated a private bond issue, persuaded the Union Oil Company to guarantee the interest on the bonds and built the facility himself. (The city did lease him the land for \$1.)

Once the \$6.4 million arena was completed, Breitbard established a leasing corporation to represent the bondholders, and his own operating company to obtain the lease. He agreed to give the city 50% of parking revenues. The Gulls flew onto the ice, and the city found itself graced by a facility capable of seating 14,145 persons—or 16,000 at a convention. The following year Breitbard acquired the Rockets, and in the course of the 1967-68 hockey and basketball seasons he got a clear view of how much it was worth, financially, to own two sports franchises and to hold the lease on an arena. It was worth zeh. The Gulls, delightfully, were making a little money, the Rockets, not unexpectedly, were losing a sizable pocket, and the arena, well, the arena was running about \$200,000 a year in the red, thanks in part to the city assessor's decision that it should be taxed on property value rather than income. Breitbard, pride in pocket, went to City Manager Walter Hahn in that lean summer of 1968 and proposed that San Diego take over his lease. He learned that the hardest thing in fighting City Hall is to get its attention.

In the ensuing three years a canorous double standard seemed to prevail in San Diego's attitude toward Breitbard as compared to its other uncles. Perhaps because it owned the San Diego Stadium, the city willingly put up nearly half a million dollars a year to help the Padres and the Chargers "advertise" the city—and to keep the Chargers from moving to Anaheim, as they twice threatened to do. No such subsidies were made available to the Gulls or the Rockets. Ben Kerner of St. Louis offered to buy the basketball franchise in 1970 and the City of Omaha made a similar proposal in March of 1971, but when Breitbard

continued



**Our marriage will
cause quite a stir.**

Playground continued

reported these offers he was widely accused of trying to "pressure" the city.

Early this June Breitbard notified the city that his lease was subject to revocation on June 30 unless he was able to produce \$95,000 in principal payments due the bondholders. The only civic response was a notification, by Assessor E.C. Williams, that Breitbard's tax bill had been increased from \$124,000 to \$141,000, and that the deadline for payment was June 29. Breitbard was enraged, and his sense of betrayal explains the fact that he did not invite a San Diego syndicate—assuming one could have been found—to match his most recent offer for the franchise. Instead he sold the Rockets to Houston.

In the stunned aftermath of the Rocket sale (the franchise went for \$5.6 million, of which Breitbard got 51% against an original investment of \$1.75 million), few good words were said for Bob Breitbard. "The eviction notice didn't mean a thing," Walter Hahn told Jack Murphy. "Breitbard had the same notice a year ago and the San Diego Arena Leasing Co. gave him an extension, I'm sure he could have had another extension just by asking." Speaking in his own voice, Murphy wrote: "Like Hahn and others, I have trouble with the idea that the June 30 eviction notice was meaningful. . . I don't see Walter Hahn as the guy in the black hat." Bob Orintan, the sports editor of the *Evening Tribune*, said: "Bob Breitbard has been uttering wolf cries for some time, but when he actually packaged the Rockets for shipment to Houston it was as shocking as if the sun had risen in the west."

The leasing corporation did, in fact, revoke Breitbard's lease, and for a time the arena was in a sort of limbo. The city manager's office did nothing, perhaps understandably at this point, since the basketball dates had been lost and frantic efforts to obtain an ABA franchise had proved unavailing.

This state of devetude was ended in August with the dramatic appearance of an outsider to bid for the arena operating contract. The candidate, variously described as "a Canadian millionaire" and "a British Columbia businessman," was Peter Grahman of Vancouver. Grahman posted \$740,000 in securities as collateral and the leasing corporation promptly embraced him, granting a 45-year lease.

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Playground continued

To say that Graham came on strong is to indulge in understatement. His first move was to cancel a scheduled production of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. Asked why, he told *The Sentinel* he took the action because he is a "Christian." He also advised the writer who interviewed him: "If you don't like it, buy your own building and run it to suit yourself." In another interview Graham declared: "I've said before that if I can't outoperate Breitbard, I quit." As his first move in the campaign for profitable operations, Graham tripled the rent for the Gulls, demanding \$5,000 per date, even though the team already was paying the highest rent of any club in its league. Graham declared, "Breitbard has to pay his fair share for 36 dates in the arena. Certainly he's going to squeak, he's going to cry, there will be tears in his eyes. But he must pay." When Breitbard, respecting his own volatile temper, withdrew from the rental negotiations and assigned the Gull coach, Max McNab, to deal with Graham, the Canadian immediately retreated to Vancouver, tactfully remarking: "Why talk to the monkey when you can talk to the organ grinder?"

Graham's continued public denigration of Breitbard, coupled with the outrageous rent that would put the Gulls in the red, has prompted some speculation in San Diego that Graham hopes to obtain a National Hockey League franchise, or to be among the founders of the still chimerical World Hockey Association, an "outlaw" league modeled on pro football's AFL. Asked what he would do if Breitbard tried to take the Gulls elsewhere, Graham replied: "I'd get another hockey team in here so fast it would make your head spin." Whatever his plans, Graham's behavior is draining a lot of the black out of Breitbard's hat. And some observers feel that it may be helping fashion a new kind of head covering for City Manager Hahn—a hat of no fixed color, but one that is tall and peaked. (So uneasy has Hahn become in recent weeks that he says he will retire.)

In the Sept. 9 San Diego *Union Sports-writer* Wayne Lockwood began his column with an appropriate paraphrase: "Peter Graham, Superstar. Can we think you're what you say you are?" Not if you're from Vancouver, you can't. "Pe-

continued

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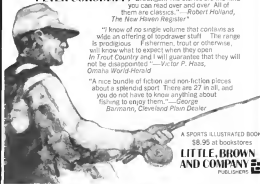
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Playground continued

ter Graham," says a newspaper columnist from that city, "is certainly well known here. He inherited millions from his father, who made the money in general investment and real estate. Graham has never operated any sizable business of his own, in sports or out. His reputation is that of a likable guy who comes out as a sort of garrulous and amiable buffoon. He is a sports fan, one on the slightly sophomoric rah-rah side. On his record there appears to be no substance to his claims as an insider in hockey. In 1959 he boasted he had an American Football League franchise lined up for Vancouver, but nothing came of it. He was for a time a member of the city council; at one point he ran for mayor but lost. His opponents asked why the city should entrust its business to a man who had so little business experience." One wonders if it occurred to Hahn or the San Diego Arena Leasing Co. to check Graham's credentials. It would seem unlikely. Perhaps the \$740,000 in securities was considered credentials enough.

And so, like Eliot's Prufrock, we have gone "through certain half-deserted streets . . . streets that follow like a tedious argument of insidious intent to lead you to an overwhelming question." The overwhelming question: Has San Diego, despite the efforts of the uncles of the '60s, despite the presence of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, despite the creation of a magnificent stadium, a splendid sports arena and the finest aquatic park on earth, despite the beaches, fishing, zoo, excellent restaurants and the golden hotel, despite the Chargers and Padres and Gulls, reverted in the '70s to a bush-league town? The answer, of course, is no. Not even Walter Hahn and Peter Graham can diminish the achievements of Amherst Smith and Jack Murphy and Al Harutunian and John Alessio and, yes, Robert Brentnall. San Diego's difficulty might best be resolved on the couch of its celebrated psychiatrist, Dr. David Reuben. The problem was put forcefully some years ago by an Eastern critic who was discussing not a city but a girl—Carol Channing, the actress who is about the right size to play split end for the Chargers. "She's so big," said the critic, "and she thinks she's so little." **END**

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Winning Wasn't Anything

The Boll Weevils managed to take a game now and then, which was O.K.

as long as it didn't detract from the fun

by FRANK X. TOLBERT

In the football seasons of 1939-40-41 a kind of Messiah of the also-rans arose among college coaches in America. He was Stewart Ferguson, a friendly professor with a Ph.D. and a unique football philosophy that hinged on failure of a sort. He agreed to coach the Arkansas A&M football team only after it was spelled out in his three-year contract that he didn't have to win a single game, and he seemed happiest when his Boll Weevils were losing—as long as they had fun doing it.

Some coaches considered him an eccentric, or worse. Among other things that Ferguson insisted upon was that his athletes—and he attracted some excellent ones—receive no financial help. And he encouraged his teams to do some strange things, like punt backward after they had driven down to the opposition goal line.

"Above all," he once declared, "football must be fun. We'll trade a laugh for a touchdown any day."

What private vision drove Ferguson and his football squads may never be known, but the coach did admit that the Boll Weevils were the instruments of his aim to "ridicule and satirize high-pressure collegiate football." He wanted "to give the game back to the boys."

The "boys" on Ferguson's first Weevil squad were scarcely that. They included a 38-year-old Methodist preacher, the town barber in Monticello, Ark., and a former cheerleader whom Ferguson transformed into a passer. There were also a number of really gifted athletes, several of them acrobats and gymnasts, and two who had won collegiate wrestling titles. They were doubtless good enough to have won most of the 33 games they played through this era, but Ferguson's men were never ones to let victory get in the way of success. And so, from 1939 to 1941, their record was three wins, 30 losses and no ties—a triumph of imagination over incentive.

"We had to work hard to lose some of those games," recalled John Scritchfield of Austin, Texas, who played half-

back, guard, center and end on all three of Ferguson's squads. They also had to go a long way to lose. Ferguson loved to travel, and he planned the Weevil schedule so that only five games were played at home while he coached at A&M. For the rest, the Weevils journeyed as far as California, Pennsylvania and South Dakota. In light of their record, this arrangement might seem more self-protection than desire, but Ferguson just thought travel would broaden his men. As for the games played once the Weevils got there, things occasionally turned downright absurd. For one thing, the team was frightfully casual about scoring touchdowns. "Just when we were on the lip of the enemy goal and about to score," Scritchfield said, "we'd go into our *London Bridge Is Falling Down* formation—that is, the whole team would just fall flat—or Red England or one of our other punters would whirl and kick the ball back downfield."

Scritchfield, who later was the first-string quarterback for Georgia Pre-Flight, a service team that remained unbeaten and had four All-Americans on its roster, said Ferguson didn't actually discourage touchdowns. "Sometimes he'd let us score early just to unnerve the opposition," he recalled. One maneuver that Ferguson instituted probably did more than unnerve the opposition. J. P. Leveritt, a halfback, perfected a play in which he would walk on his hands for a touchdown with the football clutched between his legs. Once he hand-walked in from the 15.

"It certainly upset the other team to give up six points to a ballcarrier walking on his hands," said Scritchfield. "The other side would figure at that point we were going to give them a bad whipping. After one of those walk-in touchdowns we might drive right down to the goal line again, but then we'd revert to our losing style. In one game against a Pennsylvania college, we scored that way, then drove to their five-yard line on the next series. But instead of running it over, we huddled and made up a

play involving 19 successive laterals that carried us back to our own 10."

Ferguson's ambition to lose all his games eluded him until his final season at A&M. He failed in 1939 when his team played one of its two home games of the year and beat Northwest Mississippi College 26-6. In the 1940 campaign the Weevils nearly found themselves humiliated, beating both Northwest Mississippi and the South Dakota School of Mines. But his 1941 team, which he called his masterpiece, managed to lose all 12 of its games. To achieve this intended perfection he had to make adjustments in the schedule, scratching off the South Dakota and Mississippi outfits as being simply too inept.

Some sportswriters and coaches who didn't understand Ferguson's motivations pictured him as either crazy or a man who hated football. Neither assessment was correct. If anything, he loved football too much to willingly accept the excesses of overemphasis. He had been a successful college player, achieving Little All-America honors as an end at Dakota Wesleyan, and for five years prior to taking on the Arkansas A&M job he had been the winningest coach in the history of his alma mater. There he was regarded as an authority on scoring from within the 10-yard line, and he even wrote an article on the subject for the *Athletic Journal*.

From Dakota Wesleyan he moved on to A&M, where in addition to his duties as dean of men, he was coach and athletic director and an instructor in psychology, biology and medieval history. Prior to his arrival, the school had been subsidizing football for years, yet had lost most of its games and much money. They were about to abandon the sport when Ferguson proposed his "no-win-pure" program. All he wanted was a strict "no-win" policy from administration and alumni and great latitude in preparing road schedules.

The majority of the squad he assembled were phys-ed majors, but Ferguson—a Rhodes Scholar nominee—had other A&M professors block out courses of study for the footballers during their long road trips. The coach would hold classes daily and would supervise study periods. He often got permission for the Weevils to attend classes at colleges along the way. Southern Cal, Notre Dame, Yale and Hofstra were just a few of the schools

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Boll Weevils *continued*

where his players occasionally audited.

His music majors managed to attend operas and concerts in large cities. His agriculture majors took soil samples all over the country. Art and history majors hit big-time galleries and historical sites. The Boll Weevils of 1939-41 were a kind of road-company lyceum. And during those three seasons, the football players made better grades on the average than their stay-at-home classmates.

Meanwhile, they were endearing themselves to football fans all over the country. Bored with the reverence paid to winning teams and winning coaches, many people found this troupe of eccentrics a refreshing relief. *The New York Times* reported: "If other coaches would follow Professor Ferguson's coaching philosophy, football might be returned to the sanity of its early days." *The Los Angeles Times* crusaded unsuccessfully to have A&M play another group of "pure amateurs" in a preliminary game before the 1940 Rose Bowl contest.

Their flattering notices in the press (one journal dubbed them the "Marx Brothers of football") gave the Arkansas squad a spirited box office. Despite the expenses of bumping around the nation in a bus, the Weevils showed a profit in each of Ferguson's three seasons.

Not all the A&M shenanigans occurred on field. A 6' 7" pass-catching gymnast named Lawrence (The Stork) Lavender was occasionally dolled up before games in a bobtailed dress coat, starched white shirtfront and white tie over his game jersey, and wearing gloves, a silk top hat and, sometimes, a monocle. A "valet" helped him dress.

The A&M colors were green and white, yet the squad took along road jerseys of many colors, and Ferguson let the players wear any combination they wished. Sometimes the team changed colors at halftime, even emerging in jerseys of the same color as the other team.

As long as his players were behaving themselves, Ferguson exercised no real control over them during a game. Each was allowed to take any position he wished, and substitutions were at the whim of the players themselves. Subs rode a bicycle from bench to field, and the replaced player rode it back. Players were free to leave the bench and join friends in the stands. One of the better bullkarners, Bud Sellwell, was also a spectacular drummer. He would take himself out of games and sit in with the

opposing team's band at odd moments, sometimes—according to John Sentic-field—gating long ovals from the fans for his drum solos.

"I enjoyed the games each of those seasons because I could sit on the sidelines and wonder what my players were going to do next," Ferguson reminisced afterward. So, no doubt, did the Weevils' fans and opposition.

J. S. Shapiro, who sometimes played halfback, rarely wore shoes in a game, even in northern snow. An extra-point attempt by either team in a Weevil game was apt to be traumatic. On tries by the opponent, all the Weevils frequently collapsed to the turf on the snap from center, causing the startled kicker to boot the ball wide of the uprights. If A&M scored, the point-after could be equally bizarre. Some of the Weevil players would line up with their backsides to the other team. Then the placekicker would do something awkward, like missing the football and booting the ball holder, usually an acrobat, who would then do a series of backflips over the goal line. Bear Bryant would have cried.

Ferguson could be a tough disciplinarian. The Weevils were drilled long hours on fundamentals and spent still more time at calisthenics and gymnastics, so they were always in unusually good condition. Not one serious injury hit the Weevils in his three seasons. Ferguson squads always behaved like gentlemen. At hotels and motels where they stayed, managers praised their behavior, in contrast with other visiting teams'.

Ferguson went into the service in 1942 and never returned to Arkansas A&M. When he died in 1955 he had been for 10 years the football coach at Deadwood (S. Dak.) High, and his obituary said: "This 55-year-old coach won fame for himself at Arkansas A&M by practicing the theory that a football team doesn't have to win games to provide entertainment for the fans and fun for the players. He used much the same coaching tactics at Deadwood High."

Once when his 1941 Boll Weevils were to play a game with Bradley University in Peoria, Ill. (the Weevils lost 67-0), Ferguson told a group of sportswriters: "You fellows laugh at my boys when they're losing on Saturdays. Yet for the rest of the week they're learning more, absorbing more culture and social graces than any other football squad in this nation."

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THREE FOR THE SHOW

Sirs:

Thanks for a fine article on the best team of sportscasters the announcing profession has ever seen (*What Are They Doing with the Sacred Game of Pro Football?*, Oct. 25). The Cosell-Gifford-Meredith trio defies the law of averages. How could such different personalities combine to form such a well-balanced machine? Edwan Shrike has done a fabulous job of giving us all a clearer picture. With Dandy Don, Fancy Frank and Headache Howard sitting up in the booth, ABC Monday night football will last longer than Ed Sullivan.

JIM CARIAN

Masury, Ohio

Sirs:

Your article on Howard, Frank and Don was superb! Thanks! It was like having an extra Monday night. NBC's Carl Lindemann obviously has been so anesthetized by Curt Gowdy's endless, manly jabbering that he is unable to revive until Tuesdays. Too bad for him.

ROBERT M. WATERSON

Durham, N.C.

Sirs:

Thank you for revealing the saga of those three stooges on ABC. How Roone Arledge can allow Dandy Don and Horrible Howard to turn Gifford into Fervidous Frank is inconceivable to me.

ERIC BRINNER

Gladwyne, Pa.

Sirs:

Listening to a TV executive's explanation of why he has done something is always an exercise in credulity, at best. Roone Arledge states that he hired Howard Cosell because he wanted a commentator people would notice. To not notice Cosell would be tantamount to ignoring a case of diarrhea, which is not to say that Arledge did not accomplish what he intended. Actually, what he did accomplish was to give us more of what we don't want on TV by exercising his own misjudgment of his program and his audience. Arledge chose to overlook the fact that Monday night football broadcasts would be successful in any case, simply because the sport is so popular.

The TV viewer—and sport, for that matter—does not need Cosell. Now if we could convince Arledge of this, we could all go back to just watching the football game, which was the whole idea to begin with, wasn't it?

JOHN R. HUSON

Arcadia, Calif.

Sirs:

No sense wasting a lot of words on the "two nuts and a gentleman." I am glad that I can personally attend the Nov. 1 Packer-Lion game and watch a classic confrontation instead of listening to one on ABC.

As for second-guessing critical third-down plays, ABC has the Dandy who never won a critical game. Frank is a poor substitute for Keith Jackson and Howard is a poor substitute for anyone. Chet Forte has the answer: cure it with a switch.

DENNIS NICKEL

Milwaukee

Sirs:

Your article could foster a revolution among the long-suffering viewers of sports telecasts. Messrs. MacPhail, Lindemann, Arledge and Forte have created something of a monster in the guise of their color analysts. Radio-type play-by-play announcers are irritating to the television viewer, and color analysts, individually or in teams, are generally disgusting. The average viewer is content with a competent announcer who relates the hard facts of the contest, and he has little patience for such things as philosophical examination of the assumed thinking of game participants. I suggest the networks color their color analysts silent.

C. D. SPILLMAN JR.

Yadkinville, N.C.

Sirs:

What Howard Cosell, Frank Gifford and Dandy Don Meredith are doing with pro football is bringing it down to its proper level. Carl Lindemann notwithstanding, pro football is entertainment, pure and simple. The only difference between the Super Bowl and *Lone Story* is that in the movie you already know who is going to die. In the Super Bowl you let the players settle that matter for themselves.

Second-rate football games, like second-rate motion pictures, tend to bog down in mid-story. So the producers must improve a bit. But instead of employing the traditional cries of "This is the greatest game of all time," Cosell, Gifford and Meredith criticize each other, tell jokes or deliver rambling monologues consisting of 12-letter words for the enlightenment and edification of the viewing audience. This is so unusual among sportscasters, especially NFL people, that it is bound to be popular.

Detractors claim that Cosell and Meredith are engaged in ego trips. So what? John Wayne has been on an ego trip since before Dandy Don was born, and he must be one of the few super superstars of all time. This is a new form of TV entertainment,

and ABC is the founder. The other two networks are simply jealous.

RAYMOND S. THOMPSON

South Bound Brook, N.J.

NBA OUTLOOK

Sirs:

While your preview of the 1971-72 pro basketball season (Oct. 25) was interesting, it seemed far too brief and in a few cases misleading. Your statement, "Put the Bucks down for the playoffs—and the title," was perhaps a little too speculative. While few will argue that the Bucks will lead a strong Midwest Division, the New York Knicks might disprove your assessment as to their title chances. After all, New York beat Milwaukee in four games out of five last season with Center Willis Reed suffering from knee problems that an operation has since alleviated. If the Bucks make it to the playoffs, the Knicks will be able to show them that championships are far easier to lose than to retain. Thus the Knicks have learned from experience.

STEPHEN SZEGO

Pekskill, N.Y.

Sirs:

I find it hard to believe that you could pick Seattle to win the Pacific Division. The Los Angeles Lakers have two superstars in Chamberlain and West and one of the most promising forwards of all in Jim McMillan.

KEVIN FITZGERALD

Southampton, N.Y.

Sirs:

I couldn't help but notice your annual write-off of Elgin Baylor. What you said about his being too old at 37 and too scarred after another operation may at long last be true. However, it seems we've heard all this before.

ROD HAYNOR

Sunfield, Mich.

Sirs:

The overall 1970-71 performance of Atlanta's Pete Maravich may have been "less than pluperfect," but no one can be more than perfect—except, perhaps, Jabbar of Milwaukee.

GERALD ROBERT SOLOMON

Gaithersburg, Md.

NEW ENGLAND VERSION

Sirs:

Your article on the New England Patriots (*Don't Pay the Pats*, Oct. 18) is one of the funniest I have ever read. After following the Patriots, I can sympathize with everything Robert Boyle wrote about. The era of the Boston Patriots (Mike Holovak

continued

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15TH HOLE continued

and Clive Rush) is over. The era of the New England Patriots (John Mazur, Upson Bell and Jim Plunkett) is just beginning. The Pats are finally a major league organization. Thank you for recognizing it.

RICHARD BARRON

Washington

Sirs:

My thanks to SI for a most interesting and amusing article on a team that has accomplished a previously unheard-of feat. The New England Patriots have lured Rhode Island's multitude of Giant fans away from their easy chairs and television sets into those backless bench seats at Schaefer Stadium. The previously hapless "ham and eggers" of the NFL have finally been given the support that New England's other major league teams have been showered with year after year. The Patriots more than deserve the fans that they have attracted during the past 12 months of upheaval. Go, Pats!

HAROLD E. STEVENS

Warwick, R.I.

HUMAN RELATIONS (CONT.)

Sirs,

In response to the article *The Man Cut Out for the Job* (Oct. 11), I feel strongly that something must be said about Coach C. A. Frye. To me, it doesn't make any difference what color a man's skin is. A man can be judged only by what he believes in, by what he strives for and by the way in which he regards his fellow man. In these respects Coach Jerome Evans far exceeds many men.

However, I think Coach Frye has been misunderstood. I know the man well, and I am certain that he has instilled some very important qualities in many young men, myself included. C. A. Frye wanted to be a winner. Success was his strictest rule at Williams High; maybe too strict. His heart was in everything he did. Can people in Burlington, N.C. rightfully say that Frye was wrong? Do they know that many people who played for him couldn't have cared less whether they won or lost, just so they had a uniform and a seat on the "Bulldog bus"? Frye gave his efforts to those who really wanted to win, but can you blame him? Who are we to judge a man, anyway?

Jerome Evans and C. A. Frye will long be remembered in Burlington. I just hope everyone can know that, like Mr. Evans, Coach Frye was doing what he believed in, and he was doing his best to achieve it. Perhaps Frye was a victim of circumstances, circumstances that allowed many nonunderstanding people to cast shadows on him. Jerome Evans and C. A. Frye are both winners. I'm just sorry that Coach Frye had to be made to look like a loser in Burlington.

DEKKE HOGAN

Raleigh, N.C.

continued



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19TH HOLE

Sirs:

If life were simple, then perhaps there
would be no need for the insight and ob-
jectivity provided by Pat Jordan in his ar-
ticle on Jerome Evans. Such articles are what
make *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, and you can be
sure you have my support in printing more
than just cold, hard facts.

FRANKLIN WOODS

Lyons, Texas

NOT UPPITY

Sirs:

From your headline for the article on
the U.S. team semifinal playoff (*Cutting
Some Uppity Kobs Down to Size*, Oct. 18),
bridge devotees who follow the fortunes of
the Precision Club team got the impression
that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has misjudged
those able players. I know Joel Stuart, Steve
Altman, Peter Weisbach, Gene Nenger and
Tom Smith to be high-caliber gentlemen,
courteous and fair, with great team spirit.
Never could the word "uppity," with its con-
notation of arrogance, be applied to them.
As to the Mathe team's cutting them down
to size, the facts in Charles Gore's write-
up of the playoff indicated that it was mere-
ly a close shave.

MRS. JAMES H. SMITH

Sunnyvale, Fla.

BOB BLACKMAN'S STYLE

Sirs:

Roy Bloom Jr.'s article on Blanton's new
coach, Bob Blackman (*An Ivy League Lion-
heart Gets a Big Ten Job*, Oct. 18), por-
trays a man who appears to have stepped
out of his league in more ways than one.
Blanton is careful to note that Blackman has
always taken losers and made winners out
of them. But records can be misleading.
What doesn't show up in Blanton's article
or in Blackman's magnificent record is the
quality of football he brought to Dartmouth.

When Blackman came to the Ivy League
he brought with him a sophisticated brand
of football which, at its best, was unsur-
passed for its imagination, execution and
excitement. And with Blackman it was at
its best with convincing regularity.

Three yards and a cloud of dust may be
winning football, but it is about as inter-
esting to the average fan as a 19th century
translation of an Old English manuscript.
If the past is any indication of the future
(and Duffy, Woody, Bo and the rest are
going to wish it weren't), Big Ten fans can
expect the unexpected when Blackman and
the gang from Champaign-Urbana come to
town. Even on third down and one.

DOUGLAS GREENWOOD

Durham, N. C.

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